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THE CRESSET

Communism and Democracy

Education and the Draft

Goodbye Summer

Interest in Donne in '41

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THE CRESSET

IN THE OCTOBER CRESSET:

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THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Education and the Draft

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS, President of the University of Chicago, recently issued an article on the important matter of tying up our conscription program with secondary and higher education. First of all, he proposes a shift in the arrangement of the old eight years of primary school, four of high school, and four of college to the following: six years of elementary school, four for secondary work, and a combination of the last two years of the present high school and the two years of the present junior college into one four-year collegiate unit, as the culmination of education for citizenship. The universities would then be left free to discard their collegiate work, except for experimental purposes, and pursue the work of research, professional training, and specialized education for those qualified.

Dr. Hutchins adds: "This reorganization is urgent whether or not we have universal military service. With conscription, which we must assume will be with us for a long time, some sort of reorganization of the school system is imperative. When both education and military service are compulsory for the young, they must be adjusted to each other. From the educational point of view the present minimum draft age of 21 is just precisely wrong. The student should be drafted at some natural break in his educational career. That is at the end of his sophomore year, at graduation from junior college. This is the time for him to do his military stint. When he has completed it,

he may, if he is qualified, enter upon university work. If he is not qualified, he should go to work."

Things That Call for Explanation

WHILE traveling by auto through various parts of the country this summer, we were impressed by the fact that somewhere near the center of even the smallest town there was a heap of aluminum cooking utensils, generously donated by housewives for defense purposes, the result of a rather energetic campaign by those in charge of our defense program. Then we read in one of the magazines a statement by a person in authority who declared that such scrap aluminum was not suitable after all for use in airplanes and that ultimately it would find its way back to American kitchens in the form of new cooking utensils. If that is true, it should be made known generally, so that our patriotic housewives are not made to look foolish. Again, in the *Export Trade and Shipper,* New York, there appeared an editorial discussion of an advertisement in the June, 1941, issue of the *British Export Gazette,* a fifty-year-old London international trade journal. This advertisement, signed by the British Insulated Cables, Ltd., offers for sale to overseas buyers everywhere, among other items including cables, wires, electric meters, condensers, also aluminum wires. The question is natural: If we are short on aluminum in our efforts to aid Britain, how can a British firm advertise aluminum for sale to private firms? In the advertisement mentioned, just above the signature, the statement is made: "The British navy is the guarantee of delivery." Again the question is a natural one: If our own navy is necessary for the convoying of materials to the aid of Britain, the need can hardly be as great as we are expected to believe if the British navy can be used to convoy merchant ships from England to other parts of the world. Still more uncertainty has recently arisen concerning the charges that the British are using planes, sent by the United States, in competition with our American air lines, and that they are using American tankers to further their commercial interests. Items of this kind, more than anything else, harm the support of the defense program of our nation today. There is a distinct feeling abroad among a large number of our people that we are making greater efforts on behalf of Britain than Britain is making for herself, that our own interests are

not being properly safeguarded, and that, as after World War No. I, when the tumult and the shouting dies, Uncle Sam will be left holding the bag. If these things are not true, then it seems important that those in authority bend every effort to dispel these suspicions from the minds and hearts of our people and do so as quickly as possible.

Communism and Democracy

DR. JUAN NEGRIN, on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the outbreak of war in Spain, delivered an address before Spanish loyalists living in London. Dr. Negrín, head of the last constitutional government of Spain, had made no previous public statement since the end of the Spanish War, and therefore his remarks may be considered as carefully prepared and of special importance. In his address he warns that the hour is at hand when Franco will be forced into open alliance with Hitler and that unity is essential among all Spaniards who have the true welfare of their country at heart, in order that complete subjection of Spain to totalitarianism may be averted. He promises the ultimate triumph of the Loyalist cause for the reason that "the democracies of the entire world are with us." "The leaders of this fight are worthy of their great task," he states, and then lists these leaders in the following order: Chiang Kai-Shek, Churchill, Roosevelt, and "Stalin, great friend of Spain, leader of a magnificent brother people for whose success in the epic struggle of these days we offer fervent prayers—Stalin, with whom all liberals and democrats, whatever their ideological differences, share the common hope of finding for mankind new ways of civilization and progress."

Accordingly, the hope of the world lies in communism of the Russian type, communism with its atheism, its ridicule of the democracies, its program of world domination, its hatred of America and American ideals, and its efforts, covering nearly two decades, to undermine our American system and to substitute for it the "brotherhood of Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin!" We believe that the warning issued by a group of prominent Americans, including former President Herbert Hoover and former Vice-president Charles G. Dawes, some weeks ago, is worthy of profound consideration: "Recent events raise doubt that this war is a clear-cut issue of liberty and democracy. It is not purely a world conflict between tyranny and freedom. The Anglo-

Russian alliance has dissipated that delusion."

Floorwalker or Customer?

My wife and I went shopping. That is, she did the shopping and I the banking. We arranged to meet at the counter where men's shirts were on sale. Naturally, I arrived at the appointed place before she did. I took my stand precisely at the spot agreed on, fearing that my wife, who did not know the store, might otherwise not find me. There I stood, like a sentinel, my feet glued to the square foot of carpeting under me and my eyes wistfully peering down the aisles along one of which my wife had to come.

In this performance of a loving duty I was suddenly disturbed by a shopper who possessed more graciousness than grace, more body than spirit, and who accosted me, "Can you tell me where I can buy a belt for my husband?" Most courteously I replied, "Sorry, madam, I'm neither a salesman nor a floorwalker." Soon another woman approached me and with an apologetic smile almost whispered into my ear, "Can you tell me where they sell bathing suits for women?" "Sorry," said I, "I'm neither a salesman nor a floorwalker." Others approached. One wanted to buy a pair of scissors; another asked whether the shirts on the counter against which I was leaning were really worth the price. I remained courteous, though I began to feel that my stereotyped reply must seem rather cold and unsympathetic.

I began to wish that I could help some of these people. Opportunities came. A man asked, "Where are the steps leading up to the balcony?" This was easy, for I had, on entering the store, noticed a flight of steps that led up somewhere. A very nervous woman asked, "Where is Locust Street?" I could also assist her, for I had learned to know at least so much about this store that it faced Locust on one side and Olive on another. But all the while I shot quick glances down the aisles in search of my wife. One consideration kept me calm. I thought of the flying cadets in training who, as T. S. Stribling writes, are required to eat with eyes fixed at attention on the center of their plates for the purpose of learning to keep them fixed on the instrument-board when flying. I could at least look around.

When, however, still more shoppers came forward and asked for this or that information, I began to feel very uneasy and to suspect that there must be a reason which

made people think that I was a floorwalker. I thought of John Dewey's analysis of reflective and scientific reasoning in his *How We Think.* I was sure I faced a problem similar to the kind that John Dewey describes. Following his directions, I made my mind pass before me in review possible reasons for these people's mad beliefs. Did they think I was a floorwalker because I wore a gray summer suit, white shirt, and blue tie? Hardly, for looking down the aisles I saw other men dressed very much like myself who seemed not to have the trouble I was in. Was it because I seemed to be interested in the shoppers? Hardly, for the floorwalkers in the other aisles seemed to be far more interested in them than I. No satisfactory inference suggested itself, partly, so I well knew even before Dewey told me, because I lacked fertility, range, and profundity of imagination, but chiefly because I was being continually hounded by shoppers who wanted information.

Shortly a well-dressed man who wore clothes resembling mine came up to me with a shirt and asked, "Have we more of these shirts in stock?" Here was a salesman who thought I was a sales director or manager of the shirt department. My mind was now operating at terrific speed. New suggestions passed before me in kaleidoscopic review. I tried to make further inferences. None seemed valid. I rejected them all. I was about to leave my post, anchor myself somewhere else, and leave my wife to the uncertainties of fate, when a tiny tot of three, with dishevelled flaxen hair, came up to me and, with tear-dimmed eyes and in a whimpering voice, complained, "I lost my mamie! I lost my mamie! Can you find her?" Here was another problem. Again I followed Dewey's advice, this time without having to discard a multitude of invalid inferences. I took her by the hand and led her to the floorwalker in the opposite aisle. He knew what to do.

I again took my post by the shirt counter and tried to arrive at a scientific conclusion as to why people were mistaking me for a floorwalker. At last I was to find out, not by making a new inference from past experience, but as a result of an entirely new experience. A man came up and inquired, "Can you tell me where the shoe department is?" "Sorry," said I, "I'm neither a salesman nor a floorwalker." "Oh, I thought you were. You don't wear a hat." There it was: I did not wear a hat. I looked down the aisles and observed that the salesmen and floorwalkers did not wear hats.

The agony was over. The furrows on my brow smoothed out; my mouth widened; I smiled. I was happy, the more so because at that moment my wife came down one of the aisles, her laughing eyes beaming with satisfaction. She had succeeded in getting credit for merchandise which she had bought many weeks ago.

Men, when you shop in a big store in St. ..... be sure to move about, and *do* wear hats!

Poles in Revolt

THE Poles, who have felt the cruelties inflicted by Adolf Hitler's *Gestapo* far more terribly than any other nation subjugated by the German *Wehrmacht,* are revolting against their oppressors. A manifesto entitled *Poland Speaks* states that guerilla warfare against the Germans is steadily growing in violence and in effectiveness, that German military transports are being harassed by Polish sharpshooters, that trains carrying munitions to the eastern front are being derailed and dynamited, that German soldiers are disappearing almost daily without trace in the dense Polish forests, that no less than thirteen secretly printed Polish newspapers keep the people informed about what is going on, and that the Nazi military, threatened with a serious shortage of food, has forbidden the breakup of the numerous collectivized farms established by Stalin's henchmen in southeastern Poland immediately after the Red Army moved into the country in the fall of 1939.

Hitler is learning that it is much easier to prate of acquiring *Lebensraum* than to keep conquered territory under his heel after it has been taken. Is it any wonder that many of the German soldiers are asking, *"Warum immer weiter gehen?"*—"Why keep going farther?" According to well-authenticated reports, terrorism, famine, and disease are rampant in all the countries that have been overrun by the Nazis.

Lebensraum in Application

WHEN Adolf Hitler declared on September 26, 1938, that he wanted no Czechs, most listeners understood him to mean that he had no intention of making Bohemia and Moravia part of the German *Lebensraum.* Naturally, the world was thunderstruck when, six months after this pronouncement, the *Führer* summoned Dr. Hacha, president of what remained of Czechoslovakia, to Berlin, forced the brutally harried statesman to sign away the

independence of the dismembered country, and then sent the German military to take possession. After reading the volume entitled *Two Years of German Oppression in Czechoslokavia,* published a few months ago by the Department of Information of the Czechoslovak Ministry in London, one wonders whether Hitler's statement about not wanting any Czechs really implied a determination to make away with all Czechs. The book tells of the reign of terror established by the *Gestapo* after the occupation of Bohemia and Moravia and then reports that "the universities and institutions of higher education are closed; the students imprisoned, tortured, murdered; the professors subject to provocations and in prison; scientific collections destroyed or taken away; works of art stolen and scattered; artistic monuments demolished, scientific and literary libraries closed; the works of the greatest poets and novelists forbidden; all free scientific investigation rendered impossible; all contact with intellectual circles of other countries prohibited." The book goes on to say: "The cruelties committed against this culture and its most talented representatives are not arbitrary actions to be attributed to subordinate Nazi authorities. On the contrary, they are part of a well-thought-out plan, elaborated in the highest political and intellectual circles of the Nazi hierarchy and the natural outcome of the fundamental concepts of the Hitler movement. In accordance with these concepts, the Czechoslovak nation is to be permanently and completely deprived of any intellectual life and is to become solely a reservoir of manpower designed to carry out the work planned and directed by the master nation. It is slavery in its completest, most systematic, most abject, sense that Nazi Germany is preparing for the nation of St. Wenceslas, Jan Hus, Comenius, and Thomas G. Masaryk."

In Praise of Democracies

A RECENT article in the *Sunday School Times* calls attention to the opinion expressed by Dr. Flinders Petrie, famous archeologist, shortly before World War I that "strong personal rule comes as part of every successive cycle of civilization, each cycle passing from autocracy to oligarchy, next to democracy, and thence to autocracy again." Whether Hugo Grotius or G. W. Hegel or Woodrow Wilson or Adolf Hitler or any other philosopher of history would or would not smile at so

simple an interpretation of civilization, we have not investigated. But the quotation forcefully reminded us of Germany's fate in these past thirty years. Emperor William II ruled Germany with an iron hand. His power was practically unlimited. After Germany's collapse in 1918, self-appointed leaders in Germany for a short time took charge of affairs. Their brief reign was followed by the terms of office of Presidents Ebert and Hindenburg, who headed the German Republic from 1919 to Hindenburg's death in 1934. Under the leadership of Hitler, Germany is perhaps entering another cycle. Will Hitler's downfall give way to an oligarchy, and that, in turn, to a democracy?

Our sympathies reach out to the German people, who within three brief decades have had to pass through so many violent political changes, each one attended by greater or lesser evils. But whatever Germany's fate may be after the overthrow of Hitlerism, we trust that Winston Churchill will do his share to carry out the promise which he made to the German people in his radio address of August 24: "Instead of trying to ruin German trade by all kinds of additional trade barriers and hindrances as was the mood of 1917 (The prime minister has a good memory!) we have definitely adopted the view that it is not in the interests of the world and of our two countries (Great Britain and the United States) that any large nation should be unprosperous or shut off from means of making a decent living for itself and its people by its industry and enterprise." In other words, Churchill promised that there shall not be another Versailles.

As for our own country, we shall do well to implore Almighty God to preserve to us our present form of government, and ourselves zealously guard the liberties guaranteed us by the Constitution. Though at times we are likely to share the pessimistic view of Walter Lippmann that the private citizen in a nation such as ours "lives in a world which he cannot see, does not understand, and is unable to direct; in the cold light of experience he knows that his sovereignty is a fiction; he reigns in theory, but in fact he does not govern"; and though we may deplore the fact that in times of national emergency it is necessary to invest our chief executive with well-nigh dictatorial powers, nevertheless government by the people has to a considerable degree been a reality in these United States in spite of appearances to the contrary. May we be willing to stake our

very lives that it may not perish from the earth! We hope also that American citizens will insist that when World War II is over *all* the peoples embroiled in this war, the oppressed as well as the oppressors, be given opportunity and assistance to establish truly democratic governments which will endure.

The Gospel Under Fire

EVER and again, amid the horror and carnage of war, there comes a strange interlude. A case in point is the report by Donald Day, the foreign correspondent, of a dramatic interruption in the fighting on the Russo-Finnish front.

One morning a light truck carrying a loudspeaker which enabled the human voice to be understood at a distance of three miles approached the front line and turned into a forest where a Russian battalion had been surrounded by Finnish troops. A young Finnish chaplain approached the loudspeaker and addressed the beleaguered Russians. He told them that they were fighting for an atheistic government and that they had never been permitted to learn the real truth about Christianity. He preached to them of Christ and His salvation, and as he concluded with a prayer over the fallen Russians his words were interrupted by artillery fire which came dangerously close to the truck.

The regular Finnish propaganda man then spoke to the Russians, telling them that further resistance was futile. That same afternoon seventy Russians approached the Finnish lines and surrendered. They reported that the political commissar in their battalion had been murdered by some of their comrades when he reviled the Finnish chaplain who had spoken to them over the loudspeaker.

And thus, strangely, wonderfully, the Gospel of redemption is proclaimed even amid the roar of cannon and the falling of shrapnel. The only real, enduring conquest is the conquest of the Cross.

The Finnish Bishops Speak

ONE of the most confusing problems since the outbreak of hostilities between Germany and Russia has been the status of Finland and our own relationship to the valiant little northern democracy. It was but a short time ago that Finland was regarded by Americans as the most admirable of nations, especially in view of its honesty and integrity in the prompt payment of its war debt

to this country. When Finland was wantonly invaded by the Russian aggressor, the unmixed sympathy of our great democracy went out to the gallant Finns who were striving to preserve their homes, their national liberties, their democratic ideals, and their Christian faith.

That faith has not been dimmed or altered despite the anomalous situation in which Finland now finds herself. On June 26th of this year the Finnish bishops issued the following declaration and appeal:

"We, bishops of the Lutheran Church of Finland, ask our people to bear calmly and without fear the burden laid upon us by God. We can unhesitatingly place our confidence in God, who supports us in our just cause by His powerful hand because He always comes to the aid of those who are oppressed so that justice may be done them. We must unite in prayer for our army, and we must be full of love and solicitude towards our fellow citizens who have been hunted from their homes, towards the families of those who have been called to the colors which are in a difficult situation, and help our neighbors who are suffering by enemy action. Let each one do his duty and conscientiously obey the orders of the government. But above all we must know that God alone is our refuge and our strength, both now and in the future. Our merciful Father will support the people of Finland in this critical hour of its history. Let us approach God with a living faith and with a desire for perfection, and pray that He will fulfill His promise: 'I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee.' "

We agree with the conclusion of the *Christian Century,* which, in commenting upon this statement, declares: "Reading these words, can there be detected in them any lesser degree of Christian faith or any smaller measure of Christian consecration than in the statements which these same bishops were issuing before March of last year?"

Bad handwriting costs the American people approximately $80,000,000 a year, according to the dead letter office of the Post Office Department. That's the sum of the waste postage, plus the value of the contents, plus the value of the stationery in the thousands of illegible letters dropped into letter-boxes every year.

—Lisa Sergio *over WQXR*

The PILGRIM

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." —PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Goodbye Summer

A WARM and still night in September . . . Temperature 85°, humidity 78% . . . It has been like this for three days . . . The air lies like a moist blanket over my town . . . The telegraph boy says "whew" twice while I sign for a wire . . . I wonder, by the way, what people did before the telegraph and telephone were invented . . . When all is said and done, it seems to me that the end result of these marvelous inventions is merely that we live simultaneously with men and women hundreds of miles away . . . Before the radio, telegrams, and telephones life was always two or three weeks behind schedule . . . Apparently that harmed no one . . . It continued like that until the moment of death . . . One died in ignorance of the last two or three weeks of world history before the moment of dying . . . If you had died on June 18, 1815, you would not have known that Napoleon had lost the battle of Waterloo . . . Today you would know . . . What does it matter? . . .

For two months my kind associates have journeyed in my accustomed path . . . There were two reasons for that . . . First, I needed a rest . . . Second, they had something to say . . . My gratitude to them . . . Perhaps my appreciation is slightly diminished by the fact that in his description of a meal at my house the erudite music critic of THE CRESSET was clearly beyond his depth . . . It was, however, an interesting occasion . . . Gathered in the kitchen were a biologist, a musician, and a general practitioner . . . Science, the arts, and life itself . . . The scientist made the biscuits, the artist criticized, and the general practitioner waited to eat the biscuits . . . Perhaps it is significant that I, and I alone, broiled the steak . . . Steak is beyond the

shadow of a doubt the pièce de résistance of any meal . . . Everything else is trimming and fluff . . . The scientist and the artist, separate or together, can present only a partial approach to life . . . It takes a man with a steak and all that it implies to fuse their diverging ways into something like unity . . .

Back to the heat for a moment . . . Perhaps this is slightly fantastic . . . Normally I live at a temperature of 98.6° Fahrenheit . . . When the world outside becomes as warm as the world inside there ought to be an agreement of spirit, a unanimity of thought and observation which should produce good results . . . Strangely enough, it does not . . . I am unable to achieve much continuity on a night like this . . . Too many interruptions for water, for fresh handkerchiefs, for a shift toward the window where, I am almost sure, the curtain has moved in something that may have been a breeze . . .

A young man stopped a few moments ago to discuss a broken love affair . . . They had agreed to part, he reported . . . "We were all washed up" . . . Somehow, though, there was something wrong . . . There were loose threads and frayed edges . . . "I can't quite forget her; perhaps I made a mistake" . . . Nothing unusual in that . . . In my notes for future columns there has been a jotting for six months: Write a column on "The Sense of Incompleteness" . . . Only when we are very young, it seems, do we think in terms of finality and of completion . . . I have never heard a wise man, to whom the years meant more than the accumulated ticking of the clock and turning of the calendar, who did not have a sense of incompleteness . . . I have never heard one of them say: "This is the end. This is final" . . . We are always a little of what we have been . . . The past lingers—either like a ghost or like a melody . . . In fact, only one thing in the thread of history has been complete . . . Only one thing had no loose ends and no unfinished part . . . It was conceived in eternity, happened on the Cross, and its results will be fully revealed only in eternity . . . Completion, finality, and perfection are of the essence of eternity and of nothing else . . .

Much contact with youth this summer . . . It is good for the soul . . . Refreshing, too . . . The young men and women of the twentieth century have their faults and

weaknesses, but they are not old faults, hardened and fossilized by years of excuse and hypocrisy . . . Perhaps I should say again that in all our dealings with youth we should set our standards high . . . They are not ready to chisel heartlessly at the truths of faith and reduce them to a few sickly rules for comfortable living and contemptible security . . . They are still eager to hear of standards that are constant and absolute . . . An absolute truth which cannot tolerate hypocrisy, an absolute love which cannot tolerate self-seeking, an absolute goodness which will not tolerate mediocrity and compromise . . . If a few of them can keep that despite the battering of time and circumstance, they may yet lead us out of our darkness of mind and heart into a new vision of gentleness, grace, peace, and the love of God . . .

I met three Pharisees this summer . . . There I was quietly wandering through life, and suddenly they were in the middle of the road just a little ahead . . . They rose out of the pages of the Gospel according to St. Matthew as though it had been written yesterday . . . I sat with them by the side of the road for a few moments and listened to the tinkling of their bells, heard the mumbling of their prayers, and saw the thin veneer of their holiness . . . Two were personal Pharisees, proud of themselves . . . One was a corporate Pharisee, proud of his particular denomination . . . Sometimes these latter are more obnoxious than the first . . . Strange people . . . Beyond their obvious immorality—the evil reduction of the flame of faith to the ashes of form—their most distinctive mark is a curious lack of sensitiveness and absence of awareness . . . They are perfectly insulated against everything but themselves . . . They are surrounded by mental and spiritual walls through which people may look in, but they themselves cannot look out . . . If it is true that the highest strength in life comes from awareness and exposure to suffering and sorrow, they are of all men the weakest and most helpless . . . Soon or late reality tosses them aside . . . They huddle in the corners of life (or in the front pews of churches) while the fires of the spirit move to the high places where the clean winds of heaven blow sharp and clear . . .

Summer reading . . . There was much of it this year, especially during August . . . Once more I read Emerson's "Compensation"

. . . In these days the truth or untruth of his thesis is of decisive importance . . . Is justice done in this world, or must we wait for the next? . . . Emerson believes that there is a divinely ordained compensation at the heart of the universe which balances the books more often than we know . . . His essay is well worth reading in 1941 . . . Much of it, I know, is not true . . . More of it, I suspect, is too simple a statement of the whole matter . . . In a day of change and catastrophe, however, its closing paragraphs march with the majesty of truth:

"Such also is the natural history of calamity. The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends and home and laws and faith, as the shell-fish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house. In proportion to the vigor of the individual these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind they are incessant and all worldly relations hang very loosely about him, becoming as it were a transparent fluid membrane through which the living form is seen, and not, as in most men, an indurated heterogeneous fabric of many dates and of no settled character, in which the man is imprisoned. Then there can be enlargement, and the man of today scarcely recognizes the man of yesterday. And such should be the outward biography of man in time, a putting off of dead circumstances day by day, as he renews his raiment day by day. But to us, in our lapsed estate, resting, not advancing, resisting, not cooperating with the divine expansion, this growth comes by shocks.

"We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in today to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, 'Up and onward for evermore!' We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

"And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but pri-

vation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men" . . .

One of the most interesting volumes which came to the desk this summer is *The New Testament in Basic English: A New Translation* . . . There are 414,825 words in the English language . . . A decade or two ago it was announced that Mr. C. K. Ogden, of the Orthological Institute of Cambridge, England, had developed a vocabulary of 850 words which could express the sense of anything that could be said in English . . . Since the 850 words were not quite sufficient for the New Testament the vocabulary was increased to 1000 . . . The publishers believe that this new version has the virtue of directness and simplicity . . . There's something to that . . . It reads with remarkable smoothness and clarity . . . Here, for example, is the Christmas story in basic English:

"Now it came about in those days that an order went out from Caesar Augustus that there was to be a numbering of all the Roman world. This was the first numbering which was made when Quirinius was ruler of Syria. And all men went to be numbered, everyone to his town. And Joseph went up from Galilee, out of the town of Nazareth, into Judaea, to Bethlehem, the town of David, because he was of the house and family of David, to be put on the list with Mary, his future wife, who was about to become a mother. And while they were there, the time came for her to give birth. And she had her first son; and folding him in linen, she put him to rest in the place where the cattle had their food, because there was no room for them in the house.

"And in the same country, there were keepers of sheep in the fields, watching over their flock by night. And an angel of the Lord came to them, and the glory of the Lord was shining round about them: and fear came on them. And the angel said, 'Have no fear; for truly, I give you good news of great joy which will be for all the people; for on this day, in the town of David, a Saviour has come to birth, who is Christ, the Lord. And this is the sign to you; you will see a young child folded in linen, in the place where the cattle

have their food.' And suddenly there was with the angel a great band of spirits from heaven, giving praise to God and saying,

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on the earth peace
Among men in whom He is well pleased."

Good, but not good enough . . . As my colleague pointed out in this place two months ago, there can be no substitute for the majestic rhythms of the Authorized Version . . . New translations may be used for comparative study and for occasional clarification, but the haunting beauty of the Authorized Version will always bring an answering note from the heart-strings by the magic of its melody . . .

And now I am at home again . . . That word "home" . . . As summer wavers into autumn the word acquires fuller and deeper meaning . . . In *Harper's* Magazine for September Mr. Julian Green notes that each language has a genius all its own, and that many thoughts, expressed with beauty and precision in one language, cannot be spoken with similar meaning in any other language . . . Take the word "home" . . . In its full, warm meaning it is exclusively a part of the English language . . .

"But he sought in Palatinus
The white porch of his home"

"Jerusalem my happy home" . . .
"Home thoughts from abroad" . . .

"My blood so red
For thee was shed.
Come home again,
Come home again—"

"When the voices of children are heard on the green
And whisperings are in the dell . . .
Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down . . ."

"Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn . . ."

And so summer ends . . .

A strange revival of a strange figure—

INTEREST IN DONNE IN '41

By HERBERT H. UMBACH

LIFE is overfull today. What is happening on many seacoasts and many lands keeps us constantly in mind of man's impermanence and God's everlastingness. Thanks to the poets, however, who see and feel more than we ordinary mortals do, we scale the peaks of experience and perceive the distant horizon; for good poets do more than intensify our enjoyment and sharpen our appreciation of the richness and abundance of life. "Imagination," said the poet William Blake, "is Eternity," because by lifting man to the heights of the imagination some poets teach him the values that are greater and more lasting than life itself. These values are the things that endure and are always modern. When a poet interprets them, he becomes eternally modern.

Occasionally, yet rarely, comes an unusual poet who lives long beyond the actual day of his death. English poetry has some examples of this phenomenon; yet none of the titans of English literature has been more inspirational than John Donne, the preacher-poet who has been a "modern" for more than three hundred years, whom the world has not allowed to pass into the gray land of the yesterdays (the used ticker-tape of old fads and emotions), but rather has kept in the full glare of our contemporary sun. The tide of time has been appropriately kind to the work of this man who lived when the Authorized Version of the English Bible was made. His modern fame we herein shall view in retrospect.

The present vogue of Donne can be explained in part by the personality revealed in his writings and in part by the influence of his printed works. This man of the Renaissance had a threefold claim to literary distinction:

as a scholar he was unexcelled in ready wit and apt learning (e.g., in *Ignatius His Conclave*); as the famous Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in London he achieved an eminence beyond that of any preacher in his century (e. g., in his Easter and funeral sermons); best of all, as a lyric poet he wrote secular and religious poems (e. g., the *Songs and Sonnets* and the *Divine Poems)* that are alive even today. Whether we approach Donne as preacher or as poet, his arresting personality compels us to feel the power of true individuality, of strange genius best revealed in his lyrics. As a priest who had turned Anglican after being raised a Catholic, chanting aloud in the realm of spiritual contemplation, his *Holy Sonnets* plainly reflect the nature of his reverence, sincerity, and clearness of religious vision. As a poet, a man of courage and broad humanity singing his songs for the everlasting delight of all true lovers of poetry, he inspires us uniquely. In poetry and prose alike he is full of surprises, gifted with a clever daring that woos the ear and wins the heart, weaving together thoughts and feelings as ancient as Adam but expressed with a gusto genuine and modern. Here is no reticent lover hiding under cover of cassock and stole; instead, a frank but unpolluted mind speaks in sermon and song, in satire and paradox, of natural and legitimate feelings. For Donne is a man who had *something* to say—not a man who *had* to say something. This is the reason for his vitality today.

Donne's biography, mere details of which do not concern us here, is the best illustration of the fact that life has a way of beginning again at forty. John Donne was really two men: the madcap "Jack Donne" of the early poems and the *Juvenilia,* and the saintly Doctor Donne of the controversial works and the Sermons. The young lover of life is, St. Augustine-like (and this church father was one of Donne's favorite models), just as important as the Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. But it is a mistake to suppose that Donne's life was distinctly divided into two halves when he became an Episcopalian clergyman rather late in life, or that his mode of thought suffered a sudden change at that time. To make this error will reveal that one has read his poetry but has neglected his prose. Such a misconception can be rectified by reading concurrently the early prose with the early poems, and the Sermons with the Divine Poems. Under this arrangement one sees Donne's

poetry actually paralleled in his prose and expressing very similar substance in a thought-stimulating style. Therefore, really to understand his posthumous reputation, one must know the personality of the youthful and the older Donne, one must read both the poet and the prose writer.

The modern fame of Donne is as startling as was the man himself. One recent editor of Donne's works (John Hayward) has said that the praise accorded to Donne's writings by three centuries of his admirers is not more remarkable than the contempt in which these writings have been held by his detractors. No other English author has provoked such passionate likes and dislikes, for Donne, more than any of his famous contemporaries, has suffered from the vagaries of that flexible spirit called Taste. Elegies circulated at the time of his death, in 1631, bear witness to the popularity he enjoyed both as a poet and as a divine. To the end of the seventeenth century his vital influence can be traced in the so-called metaphysical style of poets and poetasters alike. Then, in the Augustan Age of English literature, Donne was barely remembered in Alexander Pope's version of the *Satires* (II and IV) *of Dr. Donne Versified,* and in Samuel Johnson's reference to him in the *Life of Cowley.* Appreciation of his peculiarly brilliant gifts seemed lost until the table-talk and critical essays of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Thomas De Quincey attempted to renew it during the period of Romanticism. In spite of Browning's rather obvious indebtedness to him in the Victorian Period, Donne seemed forgotten until the twentieth century, when he truly came into his own birthright.

Decades before the 1931 tercentenary of Donne's death, new biographies, new editions of his works, and fresh criticisms of them invited the attention to which they are entitled. Of outstanding importance here are the findings especially of Sir Edmund Gosse, whose *Life and Letters* remains the standard biography, in spite of its incompleteness and its occasional inaccuracy; of Dr. Augustus Jessopp, who gave the first thorough study of Donne as a theologian; of Miss Mary Paton Ramsay, who first clearly analyzed Donne's scholasticism; of Mrs. Evelyn M. Simpson, who first clarified the unusual qualities of Donne's prose; of Professor Herbert J. C. Grierson, whose critical edition of Donne's poems will always remain the *editio princeps;* and of Dr. Geoffrey Keynes, whose thorough bibliography of all Donniana continues

unchallenged as a model of its kind. Most recently Professor F. O. Matthiessen, in his book *American Renaissance,* has demonstrated how Emerson, Thoreau, and Melville in America felt a deep kinship with Donne, and has thus shown the indigenous background for our contemporary interest in the seventeenth-century metaphysical strain.

In 1941 the works of Donne, written over three hundred years ago, became best sellers after Ernest Hemingway chose a majestic motto from the seventeenth of Donne's *Devotions* as his title for the 1940 popular novel, *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* Consternated publishers, having dusted off and sold the thousand-odd copies of Donne which they usually kept on the top shelf, had to confess that Best-Seller Donne was O. P. (trade patter for "out of print") because the complete Donne is printed only in England, and Oxford Press shipments had been sadly retarded by war curtailment. But the contemporary Donne revival is not limited to Hemingway readers. At least two other popular novelists have paid tribute to this English poet-preacher in recent books. Jan Struther writes extensively of him in her widely-read *Mrs. Miniver* and has Caroline say in its closing paragraph, "As usual in all moments of stress, I've been falling back on Donne." Rose Macaulay goes back to Donne's poem, *An Anatomie of the World,* for both basic idea and title of her latest book, *And No Man's Wit,* a novel reflecting the spiritual and social chaos of contemporary Spain. "The sun is lost, and [similarly] the earth, and no man's wit can well direct him where to look for it" wrote Donne in suggesting the confusion and despair of his own age. Yes, Donne had a way of expressing himself so that his phrases make perfect titles. In addition to the several examples of such Donne phrases already given, we can here mention *Angels and Earthly Creatures,* by Elinor Wylie, and *After Such Pleasures,* by Dorothy Parker.

Moreover, Donne's direct influence on the English and American poets of this generation has been very pronounced, particularly in the work of T. S. Eliot, who is our leading metaphysical poet and who once remarked that Donne first made it possible to think in English lyrical verse. Two current demonstrations of this phase of the Donne influence are to be seen in John Peale Bishop's new volume, *Selected Poems,* and in Louis Macneice's *Poems, 1925-1940.*

Not to be overlooked is still

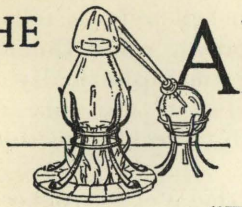
another form of this contemporary revival of interest in Donne, which appears in recent phonograph recordings of poetry readings, the best of which bears the title, "Readings from John Donne's Poems, by the English actor Robert Speaight" (L-1004, sold by New Directions, publishers of *The Poet of the Month.* Norfolk, Connecticut). This offering includes *The Good Morrow; Go and Catch a Falling Star; The Relique; Batter My Heart, Three-Personed God; A Hymn to God the Father;* and *A Hymn to Christ.*

Truly prophetic are these modernized words from the same *Devotion* whence came the catchphrase, "Never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee,"—words in which Donne, in describing metaphorically the Resurrection, at the same time unwittingly forecasts his future fame:

> All mankind is of one Author and in one volume. When one man dies, one chapter is not torn out of the book but translated into a better language; and every chapter must be so translated. God employs several translators: some pieces are translated by age, some by sickness, some by war, some by justice. But God's hand is in every translation and His hand shall bind up all our scattered leaves again for that library where every book shall lie open to one another.

I am told that we are doing much better than we did before the previous World War even when we were in it, but I have no way of checking on that. You have no way of checking that. The newspapers have no way. I can only tell you that I asked my husband if he had a way, and he said he had just acquired a private statistician to try and find out just exactly what was happening.

—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

THE  ALEMBIC

BY THEODORE GRAEBNER

"The world cares little for anything a man has to utter that has not previously been distilled in the alembic of his life." —HOLLAND, *Gold-Foil*

(A further discussion of Hugo Grotius)

BROKEN CATHEDRAL

I have seen a picture of the interior of Westminster Abbey as it looked in May, 1941, after an attack on London from the air. The columns, rising to what once was the springing of the arch, now open to the sky, and broken stone and mortar lie piled on the floor six feet deep in front of the main altar, a verger confusedly picking his way amid the debris. It is a notable example of the havoc wrought to many treasured monuments of our civilization, some irreplaceable. But no shattered cathedrals or halls of Parliament, no, nor the mutilation of many human beings through use of the new explosives, nor even the death of tens of thousands is injury so irreparable, is loss so past all restitution to our generation, as the nihilistic triumph achieved through destruction of those values which were embodied in Huig De Groot's *De Lege Belli ac Pacis,* printed in 1633.

To understand the true meaning of the injury done our civilization through the conquest of Manchuria by Japan and the ruthless extension of Japanese power on the coasts of the China Sea; through the invasion of Ethiopia by Italy; the Russian attack on Finland; and the extension of Nazi power over most of Europe by means of a system of campaigns of aggression since 1939—I say, to understand the true meaning of these wars for the world in which our children must live, no one can ignore the fact that we have witnessed in these years a reversal of the process which was leading us from

barbarism to just human relations.

Your encyclopedias will tell you that the founder of international law was Hugo Grotius, one of the most brilliant sons whom Holland has given to the world. His book on *The Law of War and Peace* must stand for all time as one of the landmarks of civilization. No comprehension is possible of what is going on in the world since the beginning of the present new era of ruthless conquest unless one realizes the slow process of the emergence of law and reason which has marked human relationships in a definitely ascending line since Grotius first published his principles to the world.

Let me illustrate just what the world has grown to accept as the principles of righteous war as first defined to a modern humanity by Hugo Grotius.

REASON OVERRULING PASSION

Let us say that the iron dice have fallen. Nations are in conflict, armies are on the march. And we have entered with deliberation. We are not "transported by our fears" of some evil being plotted against our security. We have not forgotten that "a sincere desire for justice is the only proper motive for war." We recognize also that, while wars are legitimately undertaken to redress injustice, "it is not every injury, that can be construed into a just ground of war." We recognize as a principle "of too odious a nature to admit of any extenuation," that we may "make things change their owners by force." We have considered too whether "forbearing to have recourse to armed conflict" is not, in spite of provocation, "the duty we owe to our country and ourselves." And we have come to the conclusion that nothing remains but the arbitrament of the sword. But even then, yes, then most of all, the Law of Nature and the Law of Nations must be recognized if the welfare of mankind is to be served.

And what does this Law of War and Peace say?

War means invasion, probably, of neutral soil. The Law of Nations says that "if there be real grounds, and not imaginary fears, for supposing the enemy intends to make himself master of the same, especially if the enemy's occupying it would be attended with imminent and irreparable mischief to that same power," such neutral soil may be occupied. But equity and justice insist "that nothing be taken but what is actually necessary to such

precaution and security. Barely occupying the place is all that can be justified: leaving to the real owner the full enjoyment of all his rights, his soil." There is a law of nature that "it is impossible that an innocent person should suffer for another's crime."

Grotius devotes an entire chapter to the subject, "On Moderation in Despoiling an Enemy's Country." War is war, and destruction and death will follow in its wake. "According to the law of nations any thing, belonging to an enemy, may be taken not only by open force, but by strategem. But even the exigencies of war do not permit the employment of treachery."

"The Right of Killing Enemies, in Just War, to be Tempered with Moderation and Humanity," is the heading of another chapter, and the principle is illustrated thus:

> Sometimes where very important advantages may attend striking a terror, by preventing the same crimes in future from being committed, it may be proper to exercise the right of rigor in its full extent. But an obstinate resistance, which can be considered as nothing but the faithful discharge of a trust, can never come within the description of such delinquencies and justify extreme rigor.

Such forbearance in war "is not only a tribute to justice, it is a tribute to humanity, it is a tribute to moderation, it is a tribute to greatness of soul."

BREAK OF DAY

For a proper evaluation of the greatness of Grotius' faith and foresight one must remember that in the twenty years during which he meditated there had not been a rift of light in the anarchic darkness of the time. To quote from Andrew D. White's essay, in *Seven Great Statesmen:*

> In none of these years could any other human being see any tribunal which could recognize a plea for right reason in international affairs, or enforce a decision upon it. The greatness of Grotius lies, first of all, in the fact that he saw in all this darkness one court sitting supreme to which he might make appeal, and that court—the heart and mind of universal humanity.

Grotius makes ample acknowledgment throughout his writings of the ideas of the ancients, of Old and New Testament teaching, of the church fathers, and also of the codes of medieval merchants and shipmasters – the Consolato del Mare, the Laws of Wisby, the Customs of Amsterdam, and others. There had been evidences of a growth of better thought in the pleas of men like Conrad Bruno in Germany, Ayala in the Netherlands, and Albericus Gentilis in England. But Grotius had to face, on the

other hand, the vile systems of diplomacy and war which grew out of the Renaissance, incarnate in Catherine de Medici, Philip II, Alva, Wallenstein. Their fundamental text was Machiavelli's *Prince;* their methods were marked by treachery and assassination, by the inhuman treatment of non-combatants, by fifty years of unspeakable cruelties in the wars of the Netherlands.

Then the world gazed in wonderment on the moderation with which Richelieu treated the Huguenots in La Rochelle. Then for the first time in the modern age was made a treaty of peace which recognized the law of humanity, the Peace of Westphalia. Unquestionably, the break of day for the recognition of the principle of equity in relation to the defeated enemy!

During the centuries that followed, the ideals espoused by Hugo Grotius in his *Law of War and Peace* became the fountainhead of international law.

Grotius died in 1645.

On the Fourth of July, 1899, the American delegation to the Peace Conference of The Hague celebrated the anniversary of American independence by placing, in behalf of the Government of the United States, which had especially authorized and directed it, a wreath of oak and laurel leaves, wrought in silver and gold with appropriate inscriptions, on the tomb of Grotius. Ambassador White acted for the American Government on that occasion. In his *Seven Great Statesmen* he says:

> By the gift of an American citizen, provision has been made for a Palace of International Justice in which the Court of Arbitration created by the Hague Conference may hold its sessions. Thanks to the munificence of that gift, the world has a right to expect that this temple of peace will be worthy of its high purpose: its dome a fitting outward and visible sign of all peoples that at last there is a solution of international questions other than by plunder and bloodshed; its corridors ennobled by the statues, busts, and medallions of those who have opened this path to peace; its walls pictured with the main events in this evolution of Humanity. But among these memorials, one monument should stand supreme,—the statue of Grotius. And in his hand may well be held forth to the world his great book, opened at that inspired appeal in behalf of international arbitration:—
>
> *"Maxime autem Christiani reges et civitates tenentur hanc inire viam ad arma vitanda."* ("Let all Christian rulers and countries insist upon this method of avoiding warfare.")

HOWITZERS OF 1914 RING DOWN THE CURTAIN

When Liége and Namur fell before the sixteen-inch mor-

tars and howitzers of the German invaders, more than *béton* and bridgeheads felt the might of the change in warfare. It was not only a treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium that was reduced to a scrap of paper. The feeling of dismay which we remember who read in the headlines of September, 1914, the story of the invasion of Belgium, was due not simply to a shock produced by this exhibition of unrestricted violence. It was our reaction to a crime committed against civilization.

For generations the Law of Nations had guaranteed to small countries the right to find a place in the sun. Their ability, their pioneering spirit and genius for colonization were not to be placed at a discount because their numbers and resources were weak. Under this Law of Nations Norway, with her less than three million inhabitants, built up a merchant marine that was known on every sea lane in the world; the Netherlands developed a vast empire of oil and rubber; Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Switzerland, in competition with the great powers, filled the earth with their products. Their prosperity and freedom rested upon a single principle, that embodied in the *Law of War and Peace*. There remained no shred of security for these and other lands of less than first rank after the Meuse was crossed by von Kluck's troops in 1914. At The Hague a third convention of arbitration was about to convene. But the halls of Carnegie's peace palace have since remained closed.

The voice of reason had been outlawed. And the peace of 1918 brought no healing. The European generals and statesmen who gathered as victors at Versailles had the poison of vengeance and of racial hate in their veins. The principle of good faith, "the keystone by which alone the larger society of nations is united," still asserted itself when President Wilson made his plea for human rights, for a concord of nations in a league for the protection of the weak. . . . .

1939—MIGHT MAKES RIGHT

What has happened since is fantastic. We have witnessed the training of an entire nation into honestly believing that might is right if it is in the interest of the German race; that the principle of natural law rests on a false metaphysics; that cruelty is no sin if it helps achieve the ends of Nazi world politics, but is something strong and splendid; and that the lust of retaliation is something to be lawfully enjoyed. Punitive dive bombings have be-

come the expected lot of cities that do not accept the Nazi offer of protection. These bombings are performed with something of a holy joy, a reward accorded to good Nazi soldiers,—a sadism not so far removed from the *Der Soldat muss sein Plaisir haben* ("The soldier must have a little fun") of Tilly, when he gave up Magdeburg to murder and rape by the Walloon soldiery in 1631. Thirty thousand civilians were slain in Magdeburg with as little distinction of sex and age as in the case of the three thousand killed in the streets of Rotterdam in 1940 and the six thousand in Belgrade —neutral cities both, not guilty of any wrong except that the leaders of their country had asserted their independence when Hitler demanded subjection. We have returned to the standards of an age which knew no law of war. Again might makes right.

It is not just another war. It is not another struggle for the world's markets. It is not even essentially a conflict between civilization and totalitarianism. It is a conflict between civilization and nihilism. Its horrors are different, not in degree, but in kind, from those which even continents at war have known during the past three hundred years. The disregard of pledges and covenants, of treaties, and of contracts of appeasement; the hypocritical assurances of satisfied territorial ambitions, followed by onslaughts with every weapon of modern warfare; the claims of unneutral plots and the provocation of border incidents to justify invasion of neutral countries, as in the assaults on Ethiopia, Manchuria, Finland, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Norway; the employment of immense and complex engines of propaganda for the creation of a fanaticism at home and the disintegration of patriotism abroad; the systematic use of treachery for gaining that which military skill alone would be unable to achieve; the Gestapo and the Cheka seeking out in conquered lands the persons identified with resistance to invasion and the execution of those who had acted only in loyalty to their citizen and soldier oaths; the sending of four hundred bombers across an enemy capital on the principle that "ten-fold vengeance is due those who destroy German cultural centers"—all these crimes against humanity can be understood in their true enormity only when viewed against the background of those assertions of a Law of Nature and a Law of Nations which were first published to the world by Grotius in 1633.

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Some Thought-Provoking Questions

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

Does one learn much about Franz Schubert and his music from Sigmund Romberg's "Blossom Time"?

Blossom Time is a good *show.* Its popularity is widespread. In more than one respect it is far better than many similar productions that have recently been cumbering the boards. *Blossom Time* does not retail the morals of the pigsty. Cleverness and commendable knowledge of the theater have gone into its construction. In the ears of those who have no more than a bowing acquaintance with Schubert and his music, the work has the ring of sincerity.

Nevertheless, *Blossom Time,* as I see it, is a monstrosity. I am not handing down this somewhat categorical verdict in a spirit of cantankerous self-sufficiency, nor am I attempting to foist my own conviction on others.

There are several reasons why I abhor Mr. Romberg's popular musical comedy. "Abhor" is a strong verb; but I cannot find a word which is better suited to express my reaction.

Blossom Time has caused many to absorb mistaken notions about one of the greatest composers the world has ever seen. If those who put their heads together to concoct the work had said, "Ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys, we're giving you a musical comedy which deals with Franz Schubert and with some of his music; but we don't want to convey the impression that we're offering you an accurate picture of the composer, and we tell you in all frankness that we've made changes in some of the compositions we've used," then there would not be so many reasons for complaint on the part of one who worships at the Schubertian shrine.

When I fling an emphatic

"No!" at those who ask me, "Don't you like *Blossom Time?*" I am bombarded with commiseration. "Poor fellow!" I hear them say. "He doesn't enjoy the music of Schubert. Well, everyone to his taste!"

More often than I can remember I have heard the marvelous second theme of the first movement of Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* referred to as Schubert's "Song of Love." Stuff and nonsense! The man who wrote and compiled the music of *Blossom Time* has given us a cannibalistic distortion of Schubert's wonderful melody. He has made it into a waltz, and it is not even a Viennese waltz. What a pity that so many look upon Mr. Romberg's version as an authentic Schubertian melody! Is it necessary to mention the other examples of musical mayhem with which the comedy reeks?

What shall one say of the picture which *Blossom Time* presents of Schubert, the man? Is it not true that this great master was something more than a congenitally shy, sad, clumsy, phlegmatic individual who ate and drank, was poor, did a good deal of dreaming, fell in love, had a circle of devoted friends, frequently unburdened himself of ravishingly beautiful music, and finally died as a result of neglect and want? Is it fair to base one's estimate of Schubert, the man, on the representation given in *Blossom Time?*

I am not forgetting that hundreds of novelists and playwrights have been guilty of distorting historical facts. *Blossom Time* is by no means lonely.

The story of the *Unfinished Symphony,* as told in Mr. Romberg's musical comedy, is largely fictitious. The first performance of this sublime work did *not* take place shortly before Schubert's death. Although the two movements were composed in 1822 and although Schubert sent the uncompleted manuscript to his friend Anselm Hüttenbrenner about two years later, the *Unfinished Symphony* lay virtually buried for more than four decades. Schubert had been in his grave thirty-seven years before the work was presented to the public.

Perhaps *Blossom Time* can accomplish one good thing in addition to the dispensing of entertainment. If the comedy leads those who see and hear it to look more closely at Schubert's life and induces them to become acquainted with Schubert's music in its original and unadulterated form, it will perform a significant service.

Yes, even monstrosities have their use.

Is the music of the modernists radically different in every conceivable respect from the music of the "old masters"?

It is always fascinating to compare the old with the new. If, for example, you listen to a symphony by Joseph Haydn and then, by way of contrast, turn your attention to, let us say, the late Maurice Ravel's *Ma Mère l'Oye (Mother Goose),* you will find many differences and many similarities. Both composers had the spirit and the courage of true pioneers; both were painstaking craftsmen; both had a fondness for structural symmetry; both had a sensitive understanding of the scope and the characteristics of the instruments for which they wrote. Yet Ravel's mode of melodic expression, his vocabulary of harmonic progressions, and his use of counterpoint are radically different from Haydn's. Although the Frenchman often harked back to Couperin and Rameau, he mingled his neoclassicism in an adroit and elegant manner with a constant search for untrodden paths.

Haydn was primarily a symphonist; Ravel preferred other forms. But let us not forget that the Austrian cherished freedom in writing as flowers cherish the light of the sun. If you have learned from textbooks or from teachers that Haydn's symphonies are fashioned invariably or almost invariably according to a single pattern, you have been a victim of misleading instruction. Haydn knew the value of variety. For many years he was a glorified flunky at the court of Prince Esterhazy; but when he sat down to write a symphony, he wore no man's collar.

Ravel realized that every instrument has a personality of its own, and he knew that this fact must be taken into account by those who hope to write successfully for the orchestra or for smaller groups of players. He became one of the world's greatest masters of the art of instrumentation. But if you have been led to believe that Haydn was a novice in the matter of orchestration, you have been laboring under a delusion. A man who worked with an orchestra almost every day for thirty years, gave innumerable concerts, and had practically unlimited opportunity to resort to experimentation would have been a dunce if he had not achieved unusual proficiency. But Haydn was no dunce. He gained something more than mere proficiency; he became a master from whom the masters of our own time can learn much more than many students of music are inclined to suspect.

Was Claude Debussy a false alarm?

The quaint notion that Debussy was a renegade among composers seems to be blessed with more than the proverbial nine lives of a diehard tomcat. Again and again one hears it said that the much-discussed Frenchman could not write melodies, that his harmonies are grating, and that his attempts at what is known as impressionism are nebulous and often without any meaning whatever to the average listener. Sometimes strictures of this kind are based on a meager and highly superficial acquaintance with what Debussy wrote; sometimes they reflect deep-felt disapprobation.

We all know, of course, that we should never become quarrelsome when the sacred cow named Taste begins to moo.

Debussy still provides us with much food for discussion. He is by no means a dead issue. Pianists and conductors have long since come to realize that, taste or no taste, they cannot afford to ignore him.

It is often infinitely more comfortable to be mealy-mouthed in one's appraisals than to give forthright expression to firmly implanted convictions; but I prefer to cast comfort to the winds by declaring that a man who had the ability to write *La Mer,* the *Preludes* for piano, *The Afternoon of a Faun,* the *Quartet in G Minor,* the three orchestral *Nocturnes (Clouds, Festivals,* and *Sirens),* the *Children's Corner,* the impressions of Spain that are entitled *Iberia,* and the marvelous song, "Le Tombeau des Naiades," from the *Chansons de Bilitis,* must have been of the kith and kin of the great masters.

On second thought, however, it is neither rash nor risky to put on paper a statement of such positiveness. A careful examination of *Iberia* is sufficient, I believe, to convince impartial listeners that Debussy was one of music's major prophets. Philip Hale once said of this work that it is "conspicuous for exquisite effects of color"; and the learned critic of Boston did not hesitate to maintain that in *Iberia* "there are combinations of timbres and also contrasts that were hitherto unknown." This is another way of declaring that Debussy was an important trail-blazer.

[*To be continued*]

RECENT RECORDINGS

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Symphony No. 29, in A Major (K. 201)* and *Symphony No. 34, in C Major (K. 338).* The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky.—Masterful readings of two

rarely heard works from the pen of the great composer. Victor Album 795. $5.00.—*Concerto No. 20, in D Minor (K. 466).* The Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, with José Iturbi conducting from the piano. —Here Iturbi, who plays Mozart's piano works with much grace and polish, contributes his share toward the observance of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Salzburg master's death. The sparkling overture to *Cosi Fan Tutti,* played by B.B.C. Orchestra under Sir Adrian Boult, is included in the set. Victor Album 794. $4.50.

MAURICE RAVEL. *Bolero.* The Grand Orchestre Symphonique of Paris under Piero Coppola.—Many of those who are accustomed to the more rapid tempo employed by Toscanini, Koussevitzky, Stokowski, and others in playing this stirring work will be likely to fling denunciations upon the head of M. Coppola. Nevertheless, his tempo is in accordance with Ravel's original intention. It is orthodox. Victor Album 793. $2.50.

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG. *Holberg Suite, Op. 40.* The London String Orchestra under Walter Goehr.—Originally a piano composition, this delightful suite, with its Bachian and Handelian tang, was transcribed by the composer himself for string orchestra. It was written in commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of a famous Danish poet. Victor Album 792. $2.50.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Concerto No. 3, in C Minor, Op. 37.* The Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, with José Iturbi conducting from the piano.—Another excellent example of Mr. Iturbi's skill as a pianist. Victor Album 801. $5.50.

HECTOR BERLIOZ. *The Judges of the Secret Court, Op. 3,* and *King Lear, Op. 4.* The B.B.C. Orchestra under Sir Adrian Boult.—Admirable performances of two overtures which reveal Berlioz's uncanny resourcefulness in the field of orchestration. Victor Album 803. $3.50.

AMERICAN WORKS FOR SOLO WIND INSTRUMENTS AND ORCHESTRA. *Soliloquy for Flute and String Orchestra,* by Bernard Rogers; *Rhapsody ("The Winter's Past") for Oboe and String Orchestra,* by Wayne Barlow; *American Dance for Bassoon and String Orchestra,* by Burrill Phillips; *Serenade for Clarinet and Strings,* by Homer Keller. Played by Joseph Mariano, flutist; Robert Sprenkle, oboist, Vincent Pezzi, bassoonist; Rufus Arey, clarinetist; and the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra under Howard Hanson.—Fascinating compositions splendidly recorded. Victor Album 802. $2.50.

ANTONIN DVORAK. *Quintet in E Flat Major, Op. 97.* The Prague String Quartet with Richard Kosderka, second violist.—This beautifully written work proves that Dvorak was one of the world's great melodists. The reading is superb. Victor Album 811. $4.50.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

New additions to the treasures of the Cloisters, Metropolitan's Great Museum of Mediaeval Art, have reemphasized the value of this great institution to American cultural life.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

The Romanesque Hall reproduces the massiveness of the great Cloister Halls of mediaeval Europe. In this hall and its adjoining rooms are gathered any number of choice and rare articles salvaged from the crumbling ruins of great romanesque structures throughout Europe.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

The Gothic Chapel gives evidence of the light and beauty which came into the art of building with the development of the Gothic principle.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

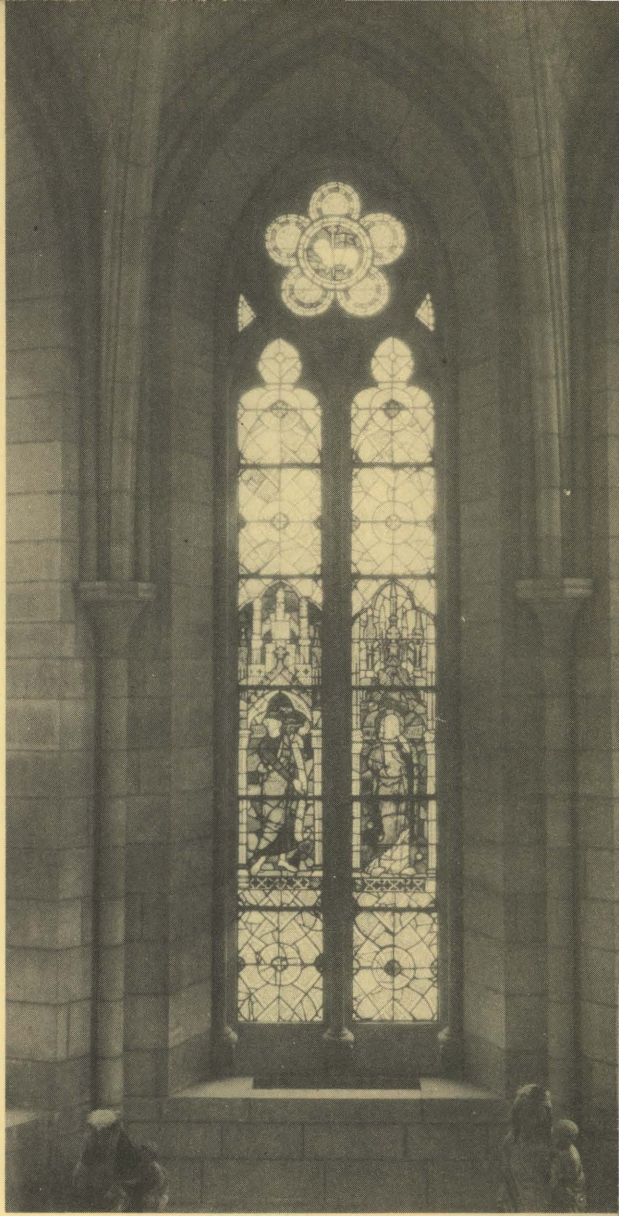
Since the Cloisters opened in the spring of 1938 the beautiful arcades and columns of the Saint-Guilhem Cloister have attracted the most attention. Note the treatment of the various columns and capitals.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

The wide arches of the Bonnefont Cloister look out over an old herb garden. An interesting contrast is discoverable in the modern apartment buildings which can be seen in the far distance.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

As this is being written the day of St. Bartholomew recalls the massacre of the Huguenots. This XV Century statue is one of the treasures to be found in the cloisters.



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

The lancets of the Gothic Chapel have been of great interest to stained glass craftsmen from all over the world. These lancets are an excellent example of XIV Century workmanship from Evron in France.

Courtesy of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore

Another beautiful example of French glass in the XIV Century is the window preserved in the Walters Art Gallery at Baltimore. It shows the Adoration of the Magi, The Flight into Egypt, and The Annunciation—all done in the best manner of the great Mediaeval craftsmen.

Verse

A Parent's Prayer

We give, dear Lord, our children all
Into Thy care,
For Thou canst be with them always
And everywhere.

Take Thou our place. We know that Thou
Wilt surely see
All we would do and more and do
It perfectly.

We can not grasp the might and power
At Thy command,
But Thy deep-loving Father heart
We understand.

Through this compelling love, Lord, make
Their weakness strong.
To seek with passion what is good,
To shun all wrong.

And make their eager, youthful hearts
Acknowledge free
That all completeness can be found
Alone in Thee.

Grant what we ask, for Thy dear Son,
With sweetness rare,
When here on earth gave heed to each
True parent's prayer.

—Lydia Hobart.

Color of Fall

Arboreal fires'
  Red smolderings make
Sad funeral pyres
  In summer's wake.
They hint of frost
  Where once sun shone;
Of season lost,
  And vigor gone.
Their tang is bitter;
  Their mimic gold
Lacking life's glitter
  Leaves me cold.

—Roland Ryder-Smith.

On Poetry

The summit of Parnassus is too high
For many that begin the steep ascent.
The greater part, when just begun, have spent
Their joy and heart. Successfully some try
To reach a lovely place where they can lie
Up higher on the mountain side, content
To stay for aye. The view there does present
Such charm and solace to their eager eye.

Who reaches then the very mountain crest?
Those who not only wondrous things behold
But change these visions into rapturous songs
Which sweep them upward without pause or rest,
Whose tuneful valor makes them free and bold—
To these alone Parnassus peak belongs.

—Lydia Hobart.

The Literary Scene

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND CONFUTE—NOR TO BELIEVE AND TAKE FOR GRANTED—BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

All unsigned reviews are by members of the staff

A Complete Individualist

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM. By A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1941. 344 pages. $2.50.

IN the eyes of most of his superiors Father Francis Chisholm, the hero of A. J. Cronin's latest novel, had in his mental and spiritual make-up some of those qualities that tend to turn a man into an "admirable heretic." No, the hard-working and self-sacrificing Scot did not break with the church to which he had sworn steadfast allegiance; he served faithfully and gave without stint of the ability with which he was endowed. He was neither a giant in the matter of intellect, nor was he a schemer, a wirepuller, or a go-getter. At the English Seminary of San Morales, in Spain, Francis Chisholm had shown traits which set him apart—far apart—from the rank and file of his fellow-students. "We cannot ignore the fact," said "Rusty Mac," the kindly and understanding Rector, "that Chisholm is an unusual character—most unusual. He has great depth and fire. He's sensitive, inclined to fits of melancholy. He conceals it behind these high spirits. You see, he's a fighter, he'll never give in. He's a queer mixture of childlike simplicity and logical directness. And, above all, he's a complete individualist." But Father Tarrant, who could not probe the depths of Chisholm's unusual character, interposed that "individualism is rather a dangerous quality in a theologian," that "it gave us the Reformation." "And the Reformation," returned the Rector, "gave us a better-behaved Catholic Church."

Even in early childhood Francis Chisholm had seen and felt to what lengths men will go when they set out to persecute those who hold to beliefs not in conformity with their own. One night his father, a Covenanter, was all but stoned to death; and when the lad's mother, who lived contentedly with her husband in spite of radical differences in faith, tried bravely to bring her wounded spouse home by a short cut over a slippery bridge across a flooded river, husband and wife were swept into the raging torrent and drowned. For

a time the orphaned Francis lived with relatives who mistreated him in shameful fashion. The boy was forced to toil day in and day out as a rivet-boy in a shipyard. Finally, his Aunt Polly, a devout Roman Catholic, rescued him and sent him to Holywell Catholic College.

Francis made up his mind to become a priest. After completing his studies at San Morales Seminary, he was given a curacy at the Church of the Redeemer in Shalesley, some forty miles from the village in which he was born. But Father Kezer, his superior, "was not an easy man. Naturally irascible and inclined to surliness, age, experience, and failure to win affection from his flock had made him hard as nails." Francis' "parochial work was desperately hard," and Father Kezer's hostility drove him on to "strive wildly for obedience, for humility." The parish "seemed steeped in apathy, savourless, and stale." Although "conscious of his clumsiness and inefficiency," Francis "had a burning desire to reach these poor hearts, to succour and revive them. He would kindle a spark, blaze the dead ashes into life, if it were the last thing he did." He did succeed in reaching the hearts of the parishioners; but in doing so he antagonized his superior. He was transferred to another place. Here, too, Francis failed to work to the satisfaction of those above him. The climax came when he unmasked a female parishioner—"a borderline case," "a hysteric bleeder," one who was doubtless destined for canonization if she could steer clear of the asylum—a parishioner who had convinced his polished and worldly-wise classmate, Father Anselm Mealey, that "we in this parish have been privileged by Almighty God to participate in a miracle comparable to, and perhaps far-reaching as, those which gave our holy religion the new-found Grotto at Digby and the older and more historic Shrine at Lourdes." Francis prayed to God for humility, for faith. Three months later the summons of the bishop arrived. "Rusty Mac," who was now in charge of the diocese, understood. The "rebellious nature" in Francis filled the prelate with joy. "You are the stray cat," he said, "who comes stalking up the aisle when everyone is yawning their head off at a dull sermon. That's not a bad metaphor—for you *are* in the church even if you don't match up with those who find it all by the well-known rule. I am not flattering myself when I say that I am probably the only cleric in this diocese who really understands you. It's fortunate I am now your bishop."

"RUSTY MAC" asked Francis if he would be willing to go to China "as our first unprincipled adventurer." The request was unexpected. It took Chisholm's breath away. "But slowly, mysteriously, a strange animation filled his being." "Yes," he answered, "I will go."

In far-away Pai-tan, where his predecessor, Father Lawler, had won numerous "rice-Christians," Francis was incredibly lonely at first. Had he been of the temperament of Anselm Mealey, who was now Secretary of the Foreign Missions Society of the Diocese of Tynecastle, he would have proceeded to win approbation and

preferment by retaining the "rice-Christians" and by sending eloquent "conversion graphs" to Scotland. But Francis had not come to China in order to win favor in the eyes of officialdom. He could not resort to "aggressive Christianizing methods." As a result, there was no support from home. Nevertheless, Francis toiled in the sweat of his brow. There were disappointments upon disappointments, blows upon blows; yet his labors were crowned with the type of success for which he was striving. He could report no wholesale baptizings, no large-scale conversions; but when he left China after serving as missionary for more than thirty years, he could feel that his work had not been "worthless." He had drunk the cup of suffering to the very dregs; he had been reviled and persecuted; he had seen and alleviated the horrors of famine and pestilence; he had been captured and tortured by bandits. Francis Chisholm was broken in body; but Anselm Mealey was "an accomplished linguist, a notable musician, a patron of arts and science in the diocese, with a vast circle of influential friends," had become a highly successful bishop.

When Francis returned to Scotland, Bishop Mealey, with reluctance and unfeigned condescension, gave him the parish at Tweedside. Here the old priest, who could never feel at home in the circles of the powers that be, served his little flock in the one and only way in which a man with the make-up of an "admirable heretic" was able to serve. In addition, he considered it his bounden duty to take care of Andrew, the grandson of the girl he had loved long before he decided to become a priest. Francis, too, had known what it meant to be orphaned and homeless. Bishop Mealey sent Monsignor Sleeth to reprove the aged father for his unwillingness to conform and to urge him to retire; but, after he had spent a little time with the individualist who had always been a thorn in Mealey's flesh and could have made an "admirable heretic," he tore up the report he had written and prayed, "Oh, Lord, let me learn something from this old man."

The Keys of the Kingdom is a powerful book. Its vigorous style will afford you much pleasure; its thought-provoking story may give you many a jolt. Much of what Dr. Cronin writes calls to mind the uncommon skill of Charles Dickens. Bits of melodrama are interspersed here and there to add vividness to the narrative; but what the able Roman Catholic physician and author has to tell would be fascinating even without the melodramatic episodes. Unfortunately the Roman Catholic coloring of the story is too obvious. Despite this fault, the man who wrote *Hatter's Castle, The Citadel,* and *The Keys of the Kingdom* deserves a prominent place among the important novelists of our time.

Spiritual Bankruptcy

BIOGRAPHY OF THE GODS. By A. Eustace Haydon. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1941. 352 pages. $2.50.

DR. HAYDON is professor of the History of Religions at the University of Chicago. His philosophy is

that of an atheistic humanist, and this philosophy pervades his book from beginning to end. It is nothing short of tragic that the profound scholarship and brilliant literary style which characterize *Biography of the Gods* could not have been devoted to a more worthy purpose.

Dr. Haydon traces the origin and history of the great gods that have appeared upon the cosmic scene. He distinguishes between those who have "died" and those who are still "alive" —that is, who still are worshipped today. In this latter category he includes Buddha, Amaterasu-Omikami, Allah, Yahweh and the "Christian God." The author regards them all as creatures of man's fancy, born in response to the innate yearnings and strivings of the human soul (that is, if man has a soul, which Dr. Haydon denies).

The author, of course, adheres to the theory of the evolution of religion. He very carefully traces the development of "Yahweh" from an "obscure tribal god" to a position in which His devotees regard Him as "master of the world's destiny, holding the fates of all nations in His hands but giving a special place in the cosmic plan to the chosen people." To those of us who believe implicitly in the Scriptures, with their clear revelation of the one, eternal God, this crass, iconoclastic treatment of the Old Testament record cannot but induce a feeling of utter revulsion—a revulsion matched only by that which we feel upon reading the chapter entitled, "The Christian God."

According to Dr. Haydon, the conception of the Trinity of God was a convenient device adopted by the early Christian church to "skirt the Scylla of polytheism and the Charybdis of denial of Christ's saving power." Concerning the deity of Jesus Christ, he says: "As the leadership of the churches passed from Jews to men immersed in the religious ideas and patterns of Hellenistic culture, the Messiah, Jesus, was advanced to the rank of deity. . . . . Christ was the healing, helping, serving deity of the new religion, but, however exalted his divine rank might become, he could not be the sole God of the Christians. Not only had philosophy placed beyond all the personal savior gods an ultimate, unknown ONE, but in the cosmic background, bound to him by history, scripture, and tradition, was the high, heaven God of the Jews." And more, much more, in the same vein.

As Christianity developed, the author states, its traditional, orthodox dogmatism was forced to yield more and more ground before the progressive advance of science. "Thus," he writes, "the progressive development of the sciences furnished the insight into the history of the universe and man, which reduced the eternal, self-existent, personal God, enthroned in a supernatural, spiritual realm, to a symbol socially created, shaped by ages of cultural history, embodying man's faith that the universe will guarantee the ultimate victory of human ideals."

The last chapter of the book is devoted to "The Twilight of the Gods." In this Dr. Haydon asserts that man is at long last casting off the shackles

of belief in the supernatural and divine. The gods are dying—and he for one is not sorry to see them go. He holds that belief in God is not necessary for the retention of moral values nor for the striving after noble ideals, since these ideals and values have their origin in the heart of man and have flowered out of human experience! To which we might reply, "Now, really, Dr. Haydon, what shall we think of that beautiful theory of yours when we hear the shriek of bombs and the thud of bayonets and the raucous cries of hate that fill the air today, after so many millennia of that human experience in which you place your trust?"

This reviewer, who for several months sat in Dr. Haydon's classroom and listened to his urbane and polished lectures, often heard him expound the thesis which forms the final paragraph of this book, and which is most indicative of his entire philosophy:

"More important than faith in God is devotion to the human ideals of which he has become the symbol. . . . . Hopes hung in the heavens are of no avail. What the gods have been expected to do, and have failed to do through the ages, man must find the courage and intelligence to do for himself. More needful than faith in God is faith that man can give love, justice, peace, and all his beloved moral values embodiment in human relations. *Denial of this faith is the only real atheism.* Without it, belief in all the galaxies of gods is mere futility. With it, and the practice that flows from it, man need not mourn the passing of the gods."

The Christian Century, in reviewing *Biography of the Gods,* stated: "This book is of extraordinary value just because it helps all who read it to take a grown-up point of view on man's belief in the divine." To which we would reply: "This book is a testament of spiritual bankruptcy. Its philosophy is a mirage and its end is despair."

An extraordinarily valuable book? Ah, no. This is a vicious, soul-destroying book.

Recommended with Restrictions

WORSHIP PROGRAMS IN THE FINE ARTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By Alice Anderson Bays. Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tennessee. 1940. 256 pages. $2.00.

MRS. BAYS has arranged three groups of art objects, comprising thirteen paintings, eight sculptures, and sixteen hymns, all of a religious nature, in a series of "worship programs," thirty-seven in number. Each object of study, whether a painting, a sculpture, or a hymn, is provided with a well-documented history or interpretation, a selection of appropriate hymns to bring out the thought of the artist, suitable portions of Holy Scripture arranged for responsive reading, and a number of poetic gems culled from ancient and modern authors which crystallize the thought expressed in the piece of art. The author states her purpose in publishing this book thus: "To use this volume creatively would be to refer to it as a source book for material to enrich and vary worship experience." As the title indicates,

the book is primarily for the use of young people who desire an acquaintance with the best offerings of a religious nature in the fine arts.

Mrs. Bays's choice from the wealth of material available may not meet with the approval of all, but it will certainly find a hearty response from many who read her book. Among the religious paintings discussed are: "The Nazarene," by Henry Stanley Todd; "The Lost Sheep," by Alfred Soord; "The Hope of the World," by Harold Copping; "Christ With Mary and Martha," by Hendrik Siemiradski; "Death the Victor," by Robert Lindneux; and "The Presence," by A. E. Brothwick. Among the eight statues presented in the book are the following: "The Hand of God," by Rodin; "Moses," by Michelangelo; "Christ of the Andes"; and "Margaret of New Orleans," by Alexander Doyle. Among the hymns selected for treatment we find: "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go," by George Matheson; "Christ, the Lord, Is Risen Today," by Charles Wesley; "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," by Isaac Watts; and "Silent Night."

In the worship program built around Holman Hunt's "The Light of the World," the author uses the fifth and ninth verses of Bernard of Clairvaux's "Jesu dulcis memoria" as an opening hymn and the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. John arranged for responsive reading, followed by a poem, "Light of the World, We Hail Thee," by John S. B. Monsell, and an original interpretation of the painting. The program continues with the poem by William Walsham How, "O Jesus, Thou Art Standing," with its appealing third verse:

> O Jesus, thou art pleading
> In accents meek and low,
> "I died for you, my children,
> And will ye treat me so?"
> O Lord, with shame and sorrow
> We open now the door;
> Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
> And leave us nevermore.

It concludes with a "litany of supplication." Ten half-tone plates illustrate the book. The one of "The Hand of God," the original of which is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the one of "The Hope of the World," by Copping, are easily worth the price of the book. A complete index of titles, authors, and publishers of the material used or referred to in the book completes the work and makes the volume valuable as a reference book.

ALTHOUGH the author has made a real contribution toward the study of fine arts in the Church, nevertheless certain cautions must be sounded against indiscriminate and unconditional sanction of the material included. The doctrinal content of the book is of a distinctly modernistic flavor. In the "service" built around the subject of "Christ in Gethsemane," this "aim" is stated: "To help the group to realize that it is only through supreme endeavor that one produces real achievments. . . . . The sight of the solitary sufferer in Gethsemane has been and will continue to be, so long as art remains, one of the mightiest redemptive forces in human life. . . . . Gethsemane is a challenge to all men to be heroic." Examples of this kind of theology oc-

cur in the book all too frequently. With this restriction, the book is recommended, particularly for study groups.

W. A. POEHLER

Small Town Life

WHISTLE STOP. By Maritta M. Wolff. Random House, New York. 1941. 449 pages. $2.50.

WHISTLE STOP has been hailed by critics as one of the important first novels of the year. Sinclair Lewis says of the book, "I suspect that in *Whistle Stop* we may have the most important first novel of the year, and that in Maritta Wolff we may salute a young author whom everyone must know." From Franklin P. Adams, former editor of the *New York Post's Conning Tower* and well-known member of the board of experts on *Information Please,* comes this characteristic comment,

"My comment is a fervent 'Yop'
To Miss Maritta Wolff's *Whistle Stop.*"

The author of *Whistle Stop* is a very young woman. She was born on a farm in Michigan on Christmas Day, 1918. From early childhood she has been interested in writing. She has "turned out reams of plays, poems, and short stories." Miss Wolff was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1940, receiving a bachelor's degree in English composition. She is "a Phi Beta Kappa," and even before she began the writing of her first novel she had won several minor Hopwood literary awards. *Whistle Stop* was written during the author's senior year at Ann Arbor and subsequently was unanimously selected as the winner of the major prize for fiction in the Avery and Jule Hopwood Awards contest for 1940. For so young a person Miss Wolff exhibits a deep and disconcerting insight into the foibles and the frailties of the human heart. At a time in life when we expect the bright and carefree gaieties of youth to be all-important, this precocious girl recounts in grim and merciless detail the drab and ugly life of the disreputable and impoverished Veech family.

The bitter, hopeless struggle of the warped and twisted personalities that make up the Veech family is related with brutal and naked realism. There are brief flashes of humor in the book, and the timid and wistful dreams of Carl Veech afford an occasional welcome escape from the narrow confines of the cramped and cluttered household. We are keenly aware of the unnatural love which exists between Mary and Kenny Veech; but we also feel and commend the inner strength and the unwavering determination which holds this unwelcome and painful passion in check. We view with horror the evil effects of Molly Veech's devoted but blindly destructive love for her brood. The father, Sam Veech, considers himself "a decent, law-abiding citizen." His wife's bitter words of accusation better describe his status in his own family circle and in the community. "What you doin' day after day," she asks, "but settin' out there in that porch swing on your behind a-readin' those cussed lib'ry books and a-swingin' back and forth, while your fambly has to git out and

hustle for the victuals you swill down three times a day regular as clockwork?"

There are other well-drawn characters in this absorbing study of life in a small Michigan town: the twins, Jennine and Jossette; Ernie, the oldest and most prosperous of the Veech children; his ex-wife, Rita Sibley; Mary's powerful protector, Lew Lentz; her small, sly, hysterical daughter, Dorothy; Jossette's disappointed suitor, Pat; and old Jud Higgins, permanent boarder in the Veech home.

Whistle Stop carries us through the hot and humid days of one brief summer. The action is highlighted by the hasty, ill-advised marriage of Jossette, a tragic motor car accident involving Rita and Kenny, the horrible incident of Jud Higgins' suicide, and the strange chain of events which finally and irrevocably separates Kenny from Mary and from the other members of his family. The story does not always move with the smooth and quickening pace of perfected craftsmanship. There are times when it goes forward haltingly, hampered and encumbered as it is by a top-heavy mass of drab and dreary detail.

Hitler in Eruption

MY NEW ORDER. By Adolf Hitler. Edited with commentary by Raoul de Roussy de Sales, with an introduction by Raymond Gram Swing. Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. 1941. 1,008 pages. $1.89.

If you have waded through that turgidly and crudely worded mass of ruminations, conclusions, manifestoes, and plans which is known to the world as *Mein Kampf,* you will undoubtedly be eager to follow the thought processes which took place in Adolf Hitler's singularly restless mind after it had given birth to the famous blueprint of conquest and readjustment. The *Führer* of the Third Reich, you know, has several claims to deathless notoriety. He will be known to posterity as an ex-corporal, a book-writer, a speechmaker, a conqueror, a persecutor, and, lest we forget, as the man who declared, on September 26, 1938, that he wanted no Czechs but, less than a year later, gobbled up the remains of Czechoslovakia without batting an eye.

No, Hitler is neither the first nor the only archprevaricator in history. But how, in the name of sense, can his defenders deny that he has already become one of the most notorious liars of all time? This is no mere accusation on the part of those who loathe Hitlerism and the principles on which it is founded; it is a fact known to everyone who has read the *Führer's* writings with open eyes and has listened to the man's speeches with open ears. Those who want proof can have it in overwhelming abundance out of Hitler's own mouth. What further need have we of witnesses?

My New Order contains many of Hitler's speeches and manifestoes. The first oratorical outburst given in the book was delivered at Munich on April 12, 1922, shortly after Minister of State Schweyer had declared in the Bavarian Assembly that the expulsion of the oratorically inclined upstart from Austria was being con-

sidered; the last is the proclamation issued on June 22, 1941, when the armies of the Third Reich moved against Soviet Russia on a 2,500-mile front, from the Black Sea to the Baltic. It has been fascinating to read these effusions—fascinating as well as instructive. If one were not determined to get to the bottom of the *Führer's* mental makeup, many of the paragraphs would be boring beyond description. Hitler, you know, is by no means a master of lucid or smoothly flowing prose. He is repetitious to a degree; he has a fondness for sidetracks. But he never fails to harp on the iniquitousness of the *Diktat* of Versailles, on his abhorrence of the Jews, and on his own services to the land which formally took him to its bosom in February, 1932, by declaring him a German citizen.

HITLER'S oratory is usually charged with dynamite. More often than not it is over-flavored with something bordering closely on hysterical ranting. "His German," writes the editor of *My New Order,* "is sloppy and often full of grammatical errors. The sentences are long, full of clichés and bourgeois smugness. His voice is not pleasant, and he often shouts himself hoarse. The substance of his speeches is usually confused and repetitious." Nevertheless, "Hitler uses words as weapons, and his ideas or *leitmotivs,* although fairly consistent, are modified according to the circumstances and the immediate effect which he wishes to obtain. But the technique is always the same: whatever resistance opposes him must finally be broken down by the sheer accumulation of words." The "speeches are weapons, as much a part of his strategy of conquest as more direct instruments of warfare. Hitler is past master of throwing up verbal smoke screens to conceal his intended moves." Raymond Gram Swing is sure that "Hitler's oratory contains all there is of Hitler's mind. It may even be questioned whether in his private moments he thinks unoratorically or can for long discourse with those about him without stepping onto a soapbox. So the analysis of Hitler's oratory is the one revelation of Hitler's thought. Since his thought has engendered, first a party, then a regime, and now a power which spreads over Europe and may reach out to dominate the world, the analyst must approach his oratory with the keenest excitement of search."

Although the Hitlerian eruptions have no standing whatever in the field of belles-lettres, it would be a grave mistake to underestimate the *Führer's* uncanny insight into the psychology of those who have opposed him—"an insight which," according to M. de Sales, "may be Hitler's only real claim to superiority over other statesmen of his time." The *Führer* outguessed his adversaries at almost every turn.

The translations of the speeches and proclamations contained in *My New Order* are not always beyond reproach; but no great amount of deep-probing scholarship is required to see that, by and large, the language in which the English versions are couched flows more smoothly than Hitler's own decidedly mediocre German. M. de Sales has divided the

huge book into the following parts: *The Rise to Power—1918-33; Arming Germany—1933-36; Scrapping the Treaties—March, 1936-March, 1939; The Road to War—March, 1939-October, 1939; The "Phony War"—October, 1939-April 1940; Blitzkrieg in the West—April, 1940-October, 1940; War on the British Empire—October, 1940-June, 1941; Blitzkrieg in the East—June, 1941-* . In addition, there are numerous subdivisions, a special index of Hitler's policies and ideas, and a general index. Each section is preceded by an analysis from the pen of M. de Sales. The author gives a brief résumé of the background of the speeches and appends comments from some of the world's leading newspapers.

Good Indian

ELIAS BOUDINOT, CHEROKEE, AND HIS AMERICA. By Ralph Henry Gabriel. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla. 1941. 190 pages. $2.00.

THIS is the twentieth study in a scholarly series, *The Civilization of the American Indian,* published by the University of Oklahoma Press. The story which it tells, a story of great human interest and appeal, was known only in outline until the author, who is professor of American History at Yale University, came into possession of a collection of letters written in the early part of the last century.

Galagina, The Buck, was born a full-blood Cherokee in the valley of the Conasauga, about the year 1803. The Cherokee Nation at that time still inhabited its ancestral lands in the southern Appalachians, but culturally it was in a state of ferment and transition. The ancient faith was dying—the faith that told of the Little People who lived in the caves of the mountains, of the invisible Immortals who dwelt on the peaks, and of the Raven Mockers who tormented those whose spirits were preparing to pass into the Darkening Land. The Cherokees, more than any other Indian tribe, were trying to adapt themselves to the white man's culture. In the life of Galagina, who took the name Elias Boudinot, were epitomized the strivings and aspirations of this people and also the tragic disappointment that overtook their efforts.

Educated at a Moravian mission station and later at the Congregational Mission School at Cornwall, Connecticut, and at Andover Seminary, Boudinot returned to his home community, a red-skinned Puritan, and made it his lifework to win his tribal brethren to the gospel of Christ and the civilization of the whites. He married Harriet Gold, daughter of a prominent citizen of Cornwall, thereby loosing an outbreak of violent race prejudice in the Connecticut town. The union was a very happy one.

Making use of the Cherokee characters invented by Sequoyah, Boudinot became editor of the first Indian newspaper ever published, and through it labored for the welfare and advancement of his people. His efforts, however, were doomed to failure because the neighboring whites were determined to drive the Chero-

kees from their lands by every means, fair or foul. What spirit animated the authorities of Georgia, who were chiefly concerned, is clear from a letter by Governor Gilmer of that state, in which he bluntly said, "The law of necessity, or, if you please, the harsh and unyielding will of superior power, has determined that the portion of the Cherokees remaining in this state must remove to the country provided for them in the west."

A decision of the U. S. Supreme Court in favor of the Cherokees, handed down by John Marshall, was ignored by Georgia, with the connivance of President Andrew Jackson, implacable hater of Indians. Confronted by "conquerors as hard and as terrifying as were ever the Huns of Attila," the Cherokees, in 1838, had to take what they called "the trail of tears" to the region that is now Oklahoma, leaving practically all their possessions in the hands of the rapacious Georgians. The next year Boudinot was assassinated.

In addition to presenting the life story of the Cherokee Indian who became a Puritan and the New England girl who was happy among the Indians, the book is a study in New England Puritanism and an account of one of the most tragic of human migrations. Its recital of the brutalities visited on the helpless Cherokees should give Americans pause when their denunciation of foreign aggressors tends to become tinged with hypocritical self-righteousness. Hitler might have copied his methods from what took place in our southern mountains a century ago.

The book is marred by one fault. Dr. Gabriel goes out of his way to show his scorn and contempt for positive Christianity.

National Ideals

THE PATRIOTIC ANTHOLOGY. Introduced by Carl Van Doren. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, New York. 1941. 527 pages. $3.00.

FROM a multitude of sources Carl Van Doren and Barbara Moses Olds have collected poetry and prose representative of American patriotism. They have looked over material from Michael Drayton's "To the Virginian Voyage" and Joaquin Miller's "Columbus" to a Thanksgiving Day Proclamation by Wilbur L. Cross and eight paragraphs ("My America") from *Pilgrim's Way* by John Buchan. *The Patriotic Anthology* is divided into the following sections: The Discovery and Early History of America, The Revolution, Post-Revolution to 1815, 1815-1860, The Civil War, Lincoln, 1865-1900, 1900-1914, World War, Contemporary America, Basic American Ideals.

The natural tendency of patriotic literature to develop from high moments in history is illustrated in these section heads, and for this reason one can hardly blame the compilers for using mere dates in four labels. A paging through the book recalls one crisis after another. There's "Lexington" by Sidney Lanier, "Ticonderoga" by V. B. Wilson, "Perry's Victory on Lake Erie" by James Gates Percival, "The Defence of the Alamo" by Joaquin Miller, "The Bay Fight, Mo-

bile Harbor" by Henry Howard Brownell, "The High Tide at Gettysburg" by Will Henry Thomson, "Custer's Last Charge" by Frederick Whittaker, and many more. A feature of the book is the printing of the original words of several typical songs.

Classic pieces of prose are here, too. There's General Washington's resignation from the Army in 1783, General Lee's farewell to his soldiers in 1865, six selections from Lincoln, Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia," three selections from Woodrow Wilson, and Henry Ward Beecher's explanation of the American flag as a banner of liberty. The most important documents of American history are included.

The compilers of this anthology have presented widely divergent points of view on the problems from colonial times to the end of the Civil War. A small portion of Edmund Burke's Speech on American Taxation is placed next to a selection from Thomas Paine's newspaper articles *The American Crisis.* Jefferson Davis' Inaugural Address is included with Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. "Custer's Last Charge" is balanced by Longfellow's question in "The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face": "Whose was the right and the wrong?" (Longfellow's poem, however, is incorrectly placed in the anthology, 207 pages away from Whittaker's.) Thus it is emphasized that American patriotism is a patriotism which insists on the right of every man to hold his own opinion.

Mr. Van Doren thinks that the characteristic of American national emotion which distinguishes it from that of other countries is "the desire of all sorts of Americans to be friendly and easy together, without distinction of class or race." Certainly the greatest of all American patriotic poets, Walt Whitman, is the classic poet of comradeship. One of the best expressions of comradeship, "Colloquy for the States" by Archibald MacLeish, the compilers ignored, or were unable to include. (Printed in the *Atlantic Monthly,* October, 1939.)

No doubt this book will receive a warm welcome from many readers. In this time of present crisis, the memories, the hopes, and the policies that have been cherished by the American people are being recalled daily. Shining forth from the poetry and prose of American history are the sparks of pioneer spirit, of bravery, of generosity, and of religious faith that enkindle devotion to country. Unfamiliar literary pieces now take their places beside old favorites.

The literary quality of the selections, especially the poems, is, as one might expect, extremely uneven. Naturally, the compilers wished to represent most of the great episodes of American history, and of course all the great episodes have not fired the imaginations of the finest poets. However, patriotism is more a thing of the people than a thing of literature, and *The Patriotic Anthology* adequately represents the American people.

PALMER CZAMANSKE.

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A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

I WAS A NAZI FLIER

By Gottfried Leske, flight sergeant in the *Luftwaffe*. Edited by Curt Riess. The Dial Press, New York. 1941. 351 pages. $2.50.

THIS is the diary of a German bomber-pilot who was brought to a prison camp in Canada after his Heinkel plane had been shot down over England. It rambles along in helter-skelter fashion and is crudely written; but it reveals the thoughts, the convictions, and the ideals of a dyed-in-the-wool Nazi. Gottfried Leske bombed the British soldiers who were fleeing from Dunquerque, made many flights over London, and helped rain destruction upon Coventry. He hates England with every fiber of his being. Curt Riess, the editor of the diary, declares that "it may be that Hitler can be beaten in his fight for the domination of the world"; but Leske's statements have convinced him that "it is no longer possible that he can be beaten in his fight for the soul of the German people." The well-indoctrinated Gottfried believes that it was "a rotten, beastly business" for the Dutch to shoot at "defenseless parachutists"; to him such action was not "according to international law." Save the mark! It is interesting to read what the imprisoned flier has to say about the true functions of the *Helferinnen vom Dienst* (female helpers of the service) and to observe that, in genuine Nazi fashion, he often speaks of the flying of the *Luftwaffe* as "marching." "It's really a marvelous thing to be a flier," he ruminates. "It's something more than just being a soldier, not to speak of a member of the 'home front,' as they like to call themselves. We do something that ordinary people can't do. We're different. When you are pulling her high above the clouds, you have the feeling that you can spit on everything down below. And you can, of course." In other words, Gottfried looks upon himself as something of a superman. Nevertheless, he concedes that even in Hermann Göring's headquarters everyone has respect for the R. A. F.

SHELTER

By Jane Nicholson. The Viking Press, New York. 1941. 241 pages. $2.50.

THE manuscript of this gripping novel came to New York last May by transatlantic air mail. Three small portions of the story were deleted by the British censor; but the publishers decided to issue the book without attempting to fill out the gaps. Since the author deals in an intensely dramatic manner with the life of civilians in London during the terrific onslaughts of Adolf Hitler's *Luftwaffe,* the English authorities deemed it advisable not to permit the publication of the novel in the British Isles. The men, the women, and the children of London, they reasoned, were feeling the brutal might of Germany's air armada to such an extent that, for the time being, it would be both wise and merciful to withhold such vivid and blood-curdling descriptions of the horrors as are given in the narrative of *Shelter.*

YOU GO YOUR WAY

By Katharine Brush. Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York. 1941. 240 pages. $2.00.

A FRIVOLOUS and frothy concoction from the pen of the author of *This Is on Me,* one of last year's best sellers. *You Go Your Way* is the gay and frolicsome, and, I must add, the utterly preposterous, story of giddy young Connie Crowell's attempts to keep the bright light of the "honey" moon shining through the years. Connie has an absurd theory about marriage. Her husband calls it her "honeymoon theory." What does Bill think of it? Quite emphatically he tells Connie, "I want no part of it. I think it stinks." So do I.

THE BIBLE AND WAR

By Arthur F. Steinke. The Studio Press, Brooklyn. 1941. 47 pages. 35 cents.

IT is unfortunate that the treatment of this vital and timely subject —a subject to which every Christian should address himself with particular concern in these times—should be marred by the muddy theological thinking and the numerous insupportable conclusions that vitiate the effectiveness of this booklet. While certain sections of this treatise are unobjectionable and even definitely worth-while, the chapter on "The Teaching of the New Testament," which should form the very heart of the discussion, is marked by exegesis that is nothing short of bizarre.

CITY OF ANGELS

By Rupert Hughes. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1941. 349 pages. $2.50.

RUPERT HUGHES, in this fast-moving, rough-and-tumble, gripping novel, has performed at least one notable service—he has deglamorized Hollywood. In the saga of Warren Thorburn, an Adonis-like young lifeguard whom a capricious fate catapulted to dizzy heights of fame on the silver screen, and then dropped back to earth again with a sickening thud, the author has dipped his facile pen

in vitriol to depict the hypocrisy, the cheap artificiality, the heartlessness, the chicanery which pervade the very atmosphere of moviedom.

Hughes draws his characters from life—Thorburn, the story's hero, whose moral stature is in general something less than heroic; Ranleigh, the bloated, licentious real-estate tycoon, whom Thorburn saves from drowning—for better or for worse; Josefita, his wife, who turns on her exotic charm full force on the young life-guard; and Alexandra, the one admirable character in the book. *City of Angels* contains much that is sordid, much that is unpleasant—and much that is true.

COURAGE IN CHRIST

By Walter A. Maier. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Missouri. 1941. 387 pages. $1.50.

THIS is a compilation of the addresses broadcast by Dr. Walter A. Maier of Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, over the International Lutheran Hour during the season of 1940-41. The Lutheran Hour has become the largest religious program on the air today, broadcasting over 262 stations in North and South America and in Asia; and by means of its short wave facilities it has literally succeeded in sounding forth the Gospel "unto the ends of the earth."

The author's foreword to the book aptly characterizes the contents of these 26 stirring evangelistic messages: "Written during a turbulent world crisis, these messages mirror the moving issues of our day, particularly those which affect the Christian and his Church. War is discussed in greater detail than in previous volumes. . . . . I have denounced the tyranny and despotism of Naziism, Fascism, and Communism; but I have tried not to blind myself to the serious dangers confronting our own national life. . . . . These conditions, however, were discussed only incidentally, as the background for the one message to which every Lutheran Hour address has been dedicated: the free, completed, assured Gospel of Jesus Christ, the divine Redeemer."

It must be a source of real gratitude that by means of the modern miracle of radio the Gospel of Christ's redemption can be proclaimed to the distraught and warring world as the only possible solution for its ills. We are happy that these powerful Gospel messages have been made available in permanent form and commend Dr. Maier's volume to all of our readers.

MAGAZINES

Each month THE CRESSET *presents a check list of important articles in leading magazines which will be of interest to our readers*

Fortune

FORUM OF EXECUTIVE OPINION

A poll of almost all the top men in business management was taken, to determine what the impact of war production on business has been so far. Nearly two-thirds of the executives in commerce and retailing have already found their normal supply of important merchandise items restricted, many of them to the extent of more than 25 per cent of their usual trade. Metal goods naturally lead in shortages, but textiles and household equipment are also affected. More than a third of manufacturers are directly concerned with government orders, and half of them are either affected, or soon expect to be, by the diversion of goods. Unemployment threatens hundreds of thousands in non-defense sectors of industry, and many of these workers could not be reabsorbed in the same business or locality. Finance executives do not see much danger of a runaway inflation, but two-fifths fear that price changes will be big enough to do damage. More than a fifth of manufacturing, railroad, and utility executives report forced economies in normal repairs and additions which would be serious if allowed to go unremedied for another year.

THE UNBELIEVABLE BURMA ROAD

China's lifeline is the Burma Road—the most dangerous as well as the most beautiful road in the world. For 726 miles of the worst driving country on the globe it follows the old silk route by which the trade of the Middle Ages made its way from Kunming, China, to Lashio, terminus of the Burma Railroad. Over lofty ranges and through deep

canyons it holds its course, swept by torrential rains in summer and baked bone-dry in winter. In certain sections it passes through the worst malarial district in China. Yet over this road, bombed by the Japanese, native drivers take the truckloads of supplies so badly needed by the Chinese Army. What they have been able to bring through has been only a trickle for the three million men in the regular army. Recently John Earl Baker, an American, has been appointed Inspector General of the road and has taken steps to improve it and to speed traffic. In addition, a railway is being constructed to the south, and a new road to India is under survey.

Current History

There has been a periodical of this name since 1914, and so it seems odd to have the current issue appear as Vol. 1, No. 1. This is, however, not a printer's error. Last year *Current History* combined with *Forum* (which had previously absorbed *Century*), and now it has, in addition, incorporated *Events*. In the process it has changed its format to one very similar to that of THE CRESSET (96 pages; size one-sixteenth inch shorter and one-sixteenth inch wider than this publication). The announced policy of the magazine is "to provide an independent and non-partisan monthly review of world affairs that is authoritative, that sticks to the facts, and that is ready to consider all points of view."

The present issue contains fifteen articles, ranging from two to eleven pages in length, a "chronology of events" covering five pages, and one book review. Eleven of the articles are written by professors in the social sciences (History: four; Political Science: three; Economics: two; Government: one; Economic History: one). Men with special experience in foreign relations have contributed three articles. While each future issue will discuss the events of a month, this one deals with the events of both June and July.

The contributions are naturally of varying interest and value. Prof. Heaton, of Minnesota, writes genially on "The War Historian's Dilemma," in view of the fact that "it is rumored that those of our craft who wrote pontifically . . . . during the [last] war spent most of their subsequent vacations, sabbatical leaves and savings going round second-hand bookshops, buying and burning all the copies they could find of their war-time utterances." Kenneth Davis tries to fumigate, scrub, and

comb Joe Stalin into one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. Prof. Fay, of Harvard, argues against dismemberment of Germany in case it should be defeated. Prof. Barck, of Syracuse, notes with pleasure that "Labor Quietens Down" but hasn't the faintest ghost of a suspicion that the communist change of front may have had something to do with the "quietening." Prof. Cohen, of the College of the City of New York, has a valuable article on "The Forgotten T. N. E. C." Worth-while information is to be found in some of the other offerings.

If *Current History* "is ready to consider all points of view," it should also give space to those who do not as yet regard America as an appendage to the British Empire. This issue is quite one-sided in that respect. Also, there should be better proofreading.

Harper's

THE JEWISH QUESTION AFTER THE WAR

By *Benjamin Akzin*

In this clear presentation of the Jewish question after the war, the author discusses the great problems involved in fulfilling the promise, now being made by leaders of exiled governments, that, after the Germans are driven out, the Jews will be able to return and claim their former possessions. It is wishful thinking to assume that the countries to which the Jews have been sent will gladly have them stay or that those who have taken their places at home will be happy to welcome them back. If mass-transfer from Central Europe is a solution, it also presents the difficulty of finding a place to which the Jew can go. This objective analysis of the factors and implications of the Jewish problem is a helpful contribution to the understanding of this perplexing question.

BRITAIN'S LAST CHANCE IN INDIA

By *Anup Singh*

The political situation in India is "far from happy, and is fast deteriorating." The author diagnoses this situation and analyzes the policies and attitudes which "block the path to peace in India." He discusses, for example, the reasons for Gandhi's Individual Civil Disobedience launched last year and also describes the tension between Hindu and Moslem. He makes some specific suggestions which, he is confident, would relieve the present unhappy situation in India and make for full co-operation with Britain in the war effort. Basically, it is a question of whether or not Britain is ready to pay the price of

surrendering her domination in order to win India's wholehearted support.

"THE CHICAGO SCHOOL"
By *Mortimer Adler*

The important part which Mortimer Adler is playing in the criticism of our educational system because of its worship of what he calls scientism, gives a special interest to this article. In addition to a discussion of "The Chicago School" and its development, the author sets forth some of the chief tenets of his own educational faith. That his influence upon educational thought together with that of President Hutchins is destined to grow apace seems inevitable under the present world situation.

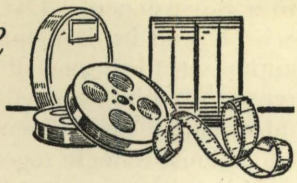
The Window

I sit with quiet hands and heart,
My eyes upon the window's light
Above the altar set apart,

Its golden amber, and the blue
Of gemlike deepness, and the red
As clear and crystalline as dew.

But beauty is not all I see,
For with the lovely radiance comes
A bit of heaven down to me.

—Lydia Hobart.

The  *Motion Picture*

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces.*

MILLION DOLLAR BABY

(Warner Bros.)

Directed by Curtis Bernhardt

One can only hope that this picture is strictly for home consumption. Here at home we have learned not to be surprised at anything that comes out of Hollywood: we are ready and willing to make allowances for the liberties directors permit themselves in the producing of pictures. But what about people in other lands? Would we want them to believe that the average American working girl of twenty-one really hasn't ever heard of the Federal Income Tax? Or that she is highly suspicious of the purposes of government? Or that she hasn't even a faint inkling of the operations of our banking system? Or that, in spite of the fact that—presumably—she is able to make her own way in the world, she has learned nothing of the value of money? In this day of propaganda and more propaganda do we want anyone anywhere to believe that our American girls can be taught to walk well, to dress beautifully, to speak correctly, to acquire poise and an attractive veneer, and yet be blind to the countless ways in which wealth can be made to serve the interests of humanity? "Much ado about nothing," you say? That might have been true in another, happier day; but not now. Naturally, *we* do not accept the slap-happy carryings-on in *Million Dollar Baby* as a true presentation of our way of life; but the fact remains that, in the hands of a clever person, this picture could be made to serve as extremely undesirable anti-American propaganda. And, since the film is $99^{44}/_{100}$ per cent pure fiction, is this *fair?* Or *wise* at a time when we should be putting our best foot forward? Are we forever to remain "those mad Americans" in the eyes of other nations?

Priscilla Lane, May Robson, Jeffrey Lynn, and Ronald Reagan head an excellent cast. Through-

out the picture the acting is consistently good. It's the idea that's wrong.

A WOMAN'S FACE
(M–G–M)
Directed by George Cukor

The career of Joan Crawford has been unusually interesting. Undaunted by a small and inauspicious beginning, Miss Crawford, by dint of hard work, pluck, and perseverance, has reached the topmost rung of the ladder of cinema success. She has successfully weathered the serious setback caused by a succession of poor pictures and has made a strong comeback in *Strange Cargo* and *The Women*. Now she has scored again. Her interpretation of the warped personality of Anna Holm is simple, sincere, and wholly convincing. The entire cast of *A Woman's Face* merits high praise. The acting of Conrad Veidt and Albert Basserman is superb; the work of Melvyn Douglas, Osa Massen, and little Dickie Nichols is more than capable.

LOVE CRAZY
(M–G–M)
Directed by Jack Conway

Does any seasoned movie fan expect the Myrna Loy–William Powell combination to be anything but crazy? No. And this time, for extra good measure, a booby-hatch is actually included in the plot. (Not that the happenings on the outside are less mad than those behind the walls.) The action is fast and furious. Amusing complications develop with breathtaking rapidity and, one must add, without rhyme or reason. It's all very silly—but funny. Who would have guessed that William Powell, minus the well-known mustache and with the help of "thisa" and "thata," would make a handsome woman? Gail Patrick, Florence Bates, Jack Carson, and Sidney Blackmer lend their talents to the frolic. If you see this picture, you'll laugh. But don't shed any tears of regret if you happen to miss it.

ONE NIGHT IN LISBON
(Paramount)
Directed by Edward Griffith

For my part, I find it well-nigh impossible to believe that the air raid shelters of a bomb-torn city make a good background for comedy. Undoubtedly one would see and hear in them an outcropping of mother wit and a generous measure of the broad, earthy humor which keeps men from going mad in times of great stress; but I doubt that it would be the silly, vapid twiddle-twaddle of polite British drawing-room comedy. Now and again a note of serious-

ness is introduced into *One Night in Lisbon;* but it is lost in a maze of stupid inanities. Madeleine Carroll, Fred McMurray, John Loder, Patricia Morrison, Billie Burke, and Dame Whitty make the most of a bad situation.

MOON OVER MIAMI
(20th Century-Fox)
Directed by Walter Lang

The old, oft-told tale of the poor girl who "shoots the wad," as it were, in an attempt to land on Easy Street by means of hooking a rich husband—preferably a young and handsome one. Not too long ago we saw it under the caption, *Three Blind Mice.* Set against the glamorous background of Miami (complete with moon), attired in a gorgeous new dress, and portrayed by a fine cast, the picture has genuine appeal and real entertainment value. The dialogue is amusing, the dance routines are elaborate and colorful, and the musical score is better than average. Charming Betty Grable is seen as the fortune-hunting lass, and Carole Landis is excellent in the role of the more serious sister. Don Ameche and Robert Cummings make Miss Grable's job of husband-hunting a pleasant one. Charlotte Greenwood and Jack Haley are, as always, absolutely "tops."

THEY MET IN BOMBAY
(M–G–M)
Directed by Clarence Brown

Time magazine has aptly termed this picture "the summer's foremost cinematic absurdity." Assemble in the order here set down one famous and highly coveted jewel, one slap-happy and obliging old crone who is begging someone to make off with the pretty bauble, not *one* but *two* fascinating jewel thieves, a generous measure of British pomp and pageantry, a large handful of His Majesty's troops, and a smallish sprinkling of bad, nasty "Japansies." Arrange the ingredients against the colorful background of Bombay, Hong Kong, and a beleagured Chinese village—and what's cookin'? Why, *They Met in Bombay,* to be sure! The goulash, hash, or what have you is flavored by Clark Gable's own particular brand of love-making—which is *not* vanilla—and Rosalind Russell's wise cracks provide the necessary spice. Oh yes, the mixture is nutty, too. Otherwise, how could a crook of long standing be rewarded by the presentation of the Victoria Cross? Lest we forget that crime does not pay, the handsome Gable is last seen on his way to the hoosegow—strengthened and upheld by the knowledge that the beauteous Roz will be waiting when he has writ-

ten off his debt to society. Jessie Ralph, Reginald Owen, and Matthew Bolton supply able support for the stars.

BILLY THE KID
(M–G–M)
Directed by David Miller

William Bonney, alias Billy the Kid, was Public Enemy Number One of his period and the number two bad man in the history of the early days of the southwest. First place must, of course, go to Jesse James. The mellowing hand of time and the short memory of man have placed on the heads of these ruthless killers an ill-fitting and little-deserved halo of romance. One wonders if, at some future date, John Dillinger will be pictured as a poor, misguided, misunderstood youth whose heart was really pure gold. Generally speaking, Director David Miller has fashioned the film version of *Billy the Kid* against a background of fact; but the "out for revenge" motif and the lovely coat of whitewash are strictly by courtesy of M-G-M. One of the advance blurbs asked, "Avenging Angel—Or Merciless Murderer?" One may as well ask, "Is black white?" or "Is white black?"

Robert Taylor is surprisingly good in the title role. We expect fine acting from Brian Donlery and Ian Hunter, and they do not let us down. Mary Howard, Gene Lockhart, and Lon Chaney, Jr., head an unusually able supporting cast. The direction is swift and sure-footed.

BLOOD AND SAND
(20th Century-Fox)
Directed by Rouben Mamoulian

The first film version of Vicente Blasco Ibaniz's novel, *Blood and Sand,* was made almost twenty years ago. Rudolph Valentino, in the role of the matador, Juan Gallardo, scored a tremendous success. He invested his performance with a fire and a bravado entirely lacking in Tyrone Power's portrayal of Juan in the recent 20th Century-Fox release. The part is for him obviously an unsympathetic one. Rita Hayworth and Linda Darnell acquit themselves well; but really fine acting is done by the "bit" players, Alla Nazimova, John Carradine, J. Carroll Naish, Laird Cregar, Anthony Quinn, and the child, Rex Downing. The marvelously beautiful effects achieved by technicolor compensate in some measure for the picture's lack of dramatic action. Costumes and settings are lavish and colorful.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

The Stranger

Sir:

Perhaps it did not happen—

I didn't notice the man as I entered the church. Billy, one of the ushers, directed my eyes toward him. For the first time in seven years, I didn't go to my seat in the balcony.

He was perched on the arm of a bench, talking to the Benton family which always sat in the third row to the right.

Old Grandpa Benton was tugging at his daughter's arm in an effort to get to his place. I could see he was disturbed and angry. He combed his lower lip furiously with his teeth.

The stranger watched the old man with an almost sad smile. Both lips were tightly pressed together and his eyelids flickered intensively.

He nodded gently and then spoke. I couldn't hear what he was saying, but his voice seemed to deepen the room with a mellowness. The people in the balcony leaned over the rail, and a silence suddenly appeared, filling space.

The old man stopped his grumbling and listened suspiciously. I pressed myself forward to hear, but Billy tightened his grip on my arm.

The stranger appeared unaware of the attention on him. He continued looking at Grandpa Benton. As he leaned forward, his hands first asked, then invited, then pleaded. I heard him now, but didn't listen to the words. His gestures were talking. Just little movements of the hands, up, sideways, and down.

The little grand-daughter had taken hold of the stranger's lapel and was sniffing the flower. He stopped to look down at her and hoisted her up. A smile shone from his face.

She handed him her little prayer book, and he turned a few leaves. I saw her poke a finger at a page. But instead of reading, he closed the book, drew her a little nearer, and looked upward. Her head followed his, and again I heard him speak, but not the words.

When he had finished, the little girl remained transfixed for a moment; then suddenly she pulled herself to him by his coat and kissed him. The mother tried to jerk her away, but the stranger took the girl's cheeks into his hands and patted them.

Then he turned to us, remaining seated as though a little weary. "When ye pray," he said deeply and kindly, "use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do, for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. . . . . And when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in

the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward. But when thou doest alms . . . ."

I don't know how long he spoke. I don't even recall hearing the newsboy pass by the church at 10:15. As he arose and walked to the front, I suddenly realized that the church bell had rung long ago and that the minister had not appeared.

I turned to Billy. Where was the pastor? Why didn't we have the usual service?

Billy watched the stranger disappear into the vestry before he answered. "Our pastor died this morning," he said.

ALLAN HART JAHSMANN

Chicago, Illinois

Youth Looks at Movies

Sir:

The following questionnaire was submitted to fifty-two members of a young people's society affiliated with a local church. I imagine that you will find the results interesting. They are divided into the following groups:

Group A 1. Comprised 8 Juniors, ages 14 and 15.
Group A 2. Comprised 5 Juniors, ages 14 and 15.
Group B 1. Comprised 6 Juniors, ages 16 and 17.
Group B 2. Comprised 7 Juniors, ages 16 and 17.
Group C 1. Comprised 15 Seniors, ages 18 and up.
Group C 2. Comprised 11 Seniors, ages 18 and up.

Group	Attendance at movies yearly	Spent for movies	Percentage	Contributed for church	Percentage
A 1	9 times	$2.34	28%	$5.97	72%
A 2	73 times	13.67	77%	4.05	23%
B 2	8 times	2.33	23%	7.83	77%
B 2	33 times	9.75	50%	9.72	50%
C 1	21 times	6.80	23%	22.86	77%
C 2	62 times	23.37	49%	24.45	51%

It was noticeable that earning ability had no appreciable effect on the number of times the Juniors attended the movies. In Groups A 2 and B 2 (those who attended the most), 7 earn money and 5 do not. Which suggests that the movie problem is primarily a parent and not a youth problem. Of the Juniors who attended the least, 7 were earning money and 5 not. It is very apparent that as the attendance of the young people at the movies increases, their proportionate giving to church decreases.

Regrouping the six divisions into two, those who attend frequently and those who do not, we get the following results:

Number	Attendance at movies yearly	How often	Spent for movies	Per cent	Contributed for Church	Per cent
29	15 times	once in 24 days	$4.64	24%	$14.95	76%
23	55 times	once in 6½ days	17.11	54%	15.53	46%

The first group contribute more than three times as much to church as they give to the motion picture industry. Those who attend once in 6½ days give 8% less to church than to Hollywood.

Which type of motion picture is preferred by the young people? They were given a choice of nine types. Their first choice counted 3 points, second choice 2 points, third choice 1 point. The results:

Musical Movies.....70 points
Historical Movies.....65 points
Comedies .....56 points

The movies least enjoyed are:

Gangster Films.....62 points
Westerns .....61 points
Love Story Films.....35 points

To balance the likes and dislikes of all the films listed we subtracted those not preferred from the list of the favorite films and obtained the following check:

Musical Movies.....44 points
Historical Movies.....31 points
Comedies .....29 points

The next question asked was, "What do you think of the morals of the movies?" Here are the opinions expressed:

	Number replying
Bad	1
Neither bad nor good	15
Both bad and good	30
Good	3
No opinion	3

"Do the productions of the movie industry clash with your religious beliefs?"

	Number replying
Very often	5
Often	7
Occasionally	24
Seldom	8
Never	4
No opinion	4

"Do the movies influence you in your life and to what extent?"

	Number replying
No	32
Yes	10
No opinion	10

There's not much to quarrel with their choice of pictures. Let those who sneer at Jeanette McDonald and Nelson Eddy cock an ear. But how illusion-shattering that "love" movies fare so badly? Perhaps they have something there. Synthetic affections don't appeal in this realistic age. Shall we credit them with a keener appreciation of the real thing? And Westerns also took a licking. Symptoms of nearing the meridian of life—the real is all too often too real—we retreat to illusions more easily. At any rate there may be real need for a study of the movies as they impinge on the thoughts and mold of our young folks. They themselves disclaim any reactions on their psyche from the movies, except the 20% who are influenced by the historical characters (real) and the appeal of the music, both of which motivations are valid. Whether such self-diagnosis is reliable is another question. But the need of continued Christian education beyond the confirmation age is again reaffirmed in the replies on the morals and the religion of the movies.

Roseville, Mich. H. BRUMMER

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

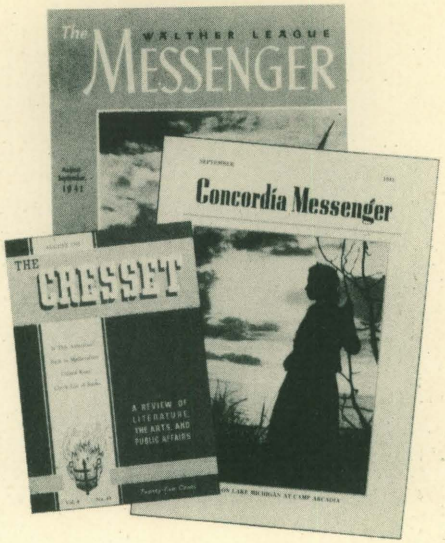
FINAL NOTES

OUR age has witnessed a curious revival of interest in the work of John Donne, poet and preacher of the reign of James I. Perhaps the phenomenon which psychologists call the "death-drive" of our age finds an affinity in the man whose interest in death was definitely neurotic. Mr. Herbert Umbach, Assistant Professor of English, has devoted much time to the life and work of Donne.

Our guest reviewer this month is the Rev. W. A. Poehler, pastor of Trinity congregation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. *(Worship Programs in the Fine Arts for Young People.)*

The active and energetic gentlemen who conduct the business affairs of THE CRESSET inform me that they are instituting a new service to our readers. Beginning with this issue it will be possible for our subscribers to order books reviewed in the pages of THE CRESSET through the business office of the International Walther League, 6438 Eggleston Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. During the past six months we have received several requests for this service. Good book stores in America are almost entirely confined to the great metropolitan centers. Apparently many of our readers are not within easy access of shops in which the latest publications may be obtained easily and quickly. We are certain that the service offered by our associates in the business department will be prompt and efficient. The details of the arrangement will be found on another page of this issue. (We shall include in these listings also those books that we review unfavorably, in order to allow our readers to check their own reactions with ours.)

THREE IMPORTANT CHRISTIAN JOURNALS



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